

THE
Chungumbeta
1928



Theodore D. Matthews
1850-1900

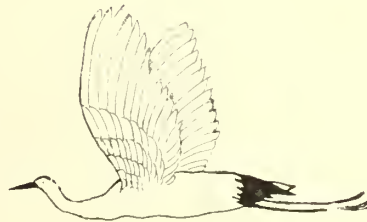
Theodore D. MATTHEWS

The Cohongoroota

1928

Edited by

The Junior Class
Shepherd College State Normal School
Shepherdstown, W. Va.



"All Quiet Along the Potomac"

DEDICATION

To our Friend and Teacher,
Dr. William H. Reese,
the class of 'twenty-nine
dedicates this volume of
"The Cohongoroota"

FOREWORD

Once again the wild geese flying north send their call over the river named for them. With their passing, comes the time for the appearance of the book named for their river; therefore the Junior class presents this, the fifteenth volume of "The Cohongoroota," to its readers, hoping that they may find that it compares favorably with its predecessors.

This Annual not only represents the climax of another year's work at Shepherd College, but through its pages sends us back to the days of long ago, as we retell the legends and traditions that have been handed down through the years by our forefathers.

We wish to thank all who have had a part in making "The Cohongoroota" a success, including President White, Miss Turner, Mr. H. L. Snyder, and our advertisers.

In the future may our memory follow the flight of the wild geese back to our happy college days through the medium of this book.





WILLIAM H. REESE



WILLIAM H. REESE

Allentown, Pennsylvania, was the birthplace of William H. Reese. After receiving a secondary education, he attended Lerch's Preparatory School at Easton, Pennsylvania. Later he studied at Lafayette College, also at Easton, from which he received the degrees of Ph. B. and M. S.

He has also done graduate work at New York University, and has illustrated various scientific books, including Davison's "Mammalian Anatomy" and others.

As a member of the Faculty, he has been associated with Phillipsburg, New Jersey High School; Muhlenberg College, where he also received his D. Sc. degree; Temple University; Potomac State School; and Shepherd College, which claims him as a most welcome addition to its Faculty.

Since his coming here, great progress has been made in the equipment and development of the biology department, of which he is at the head.

Dr. Reese has not long been "one of us" but everyone has felt his influence as a teacher and has appreciated his help as a friend.

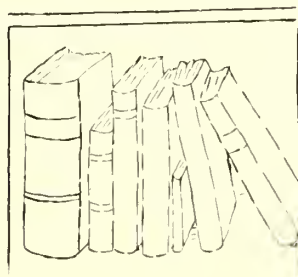


THE HORSESHOE BEND



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Old Shepherd calls,
We hear the echoes ringing
"Are you loyal, steadfast and true?"

Old Shepherd calls,
Let's join our hearts in singing,
"Loyalty we pledge to you."



COLLEGE SONG

Close beside Potomac's waters,
Of historic fame,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious, her name.

Chorus

Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
Loud her praises ring.
Hail to thee, dear Shepherd College,
Hail, all hail, we sing.

Nestled in the quiet hamlet,
'Neath the azure blue,
Sends she forth her sons and daughters,
Loyal, loving, true.

Fondly in our memory resting,
Happy gladsome days;
Still to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Offer we our praise.

Colors

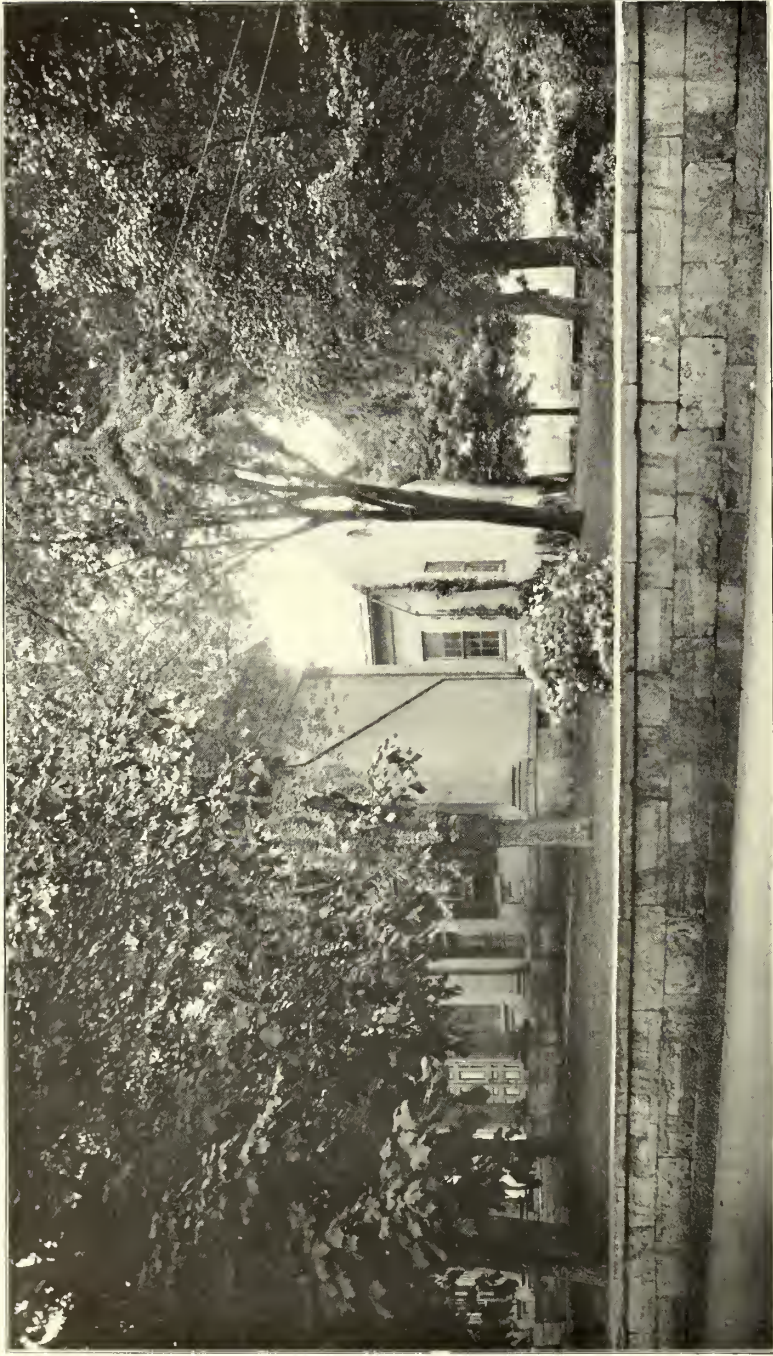
Old Gold and Blue

Motto

Plus Ultra

COLLEGE YELL

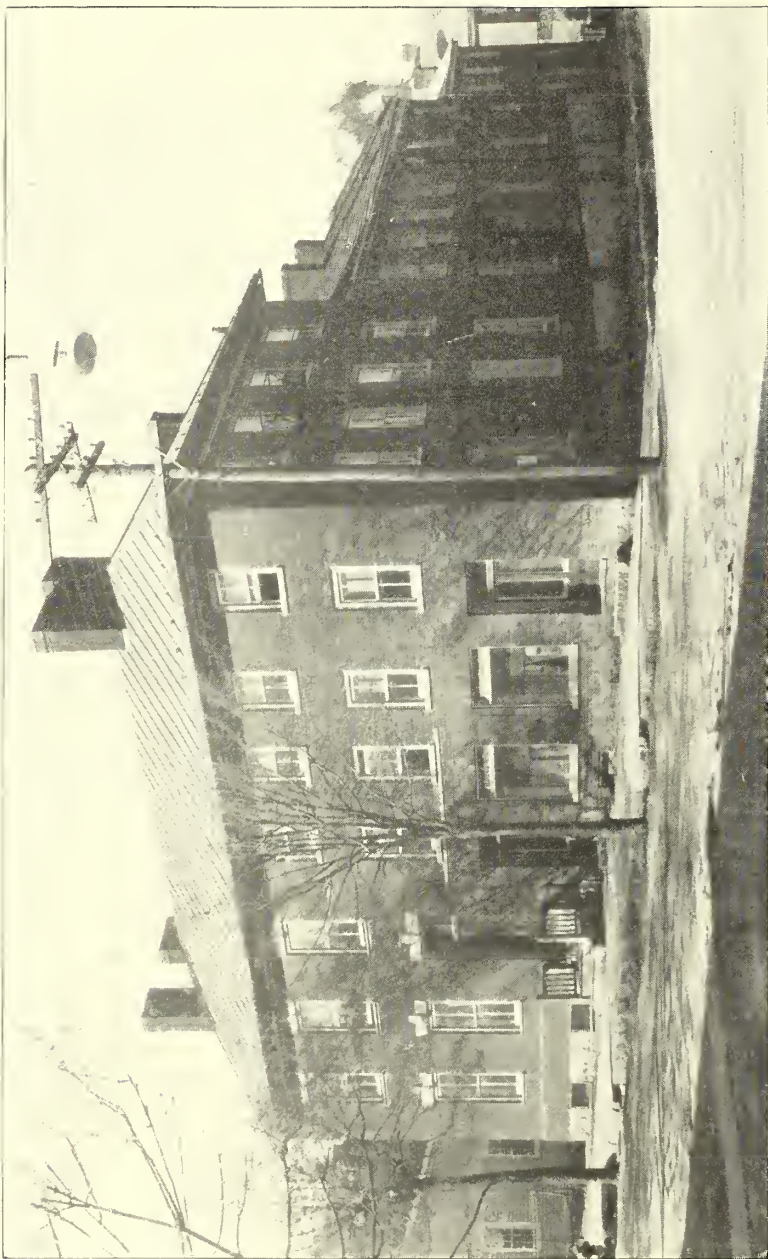
Zip! Whack! Boom! Crack!
Old Po-to-mac!
S. C. That's we!
West Virginia!!



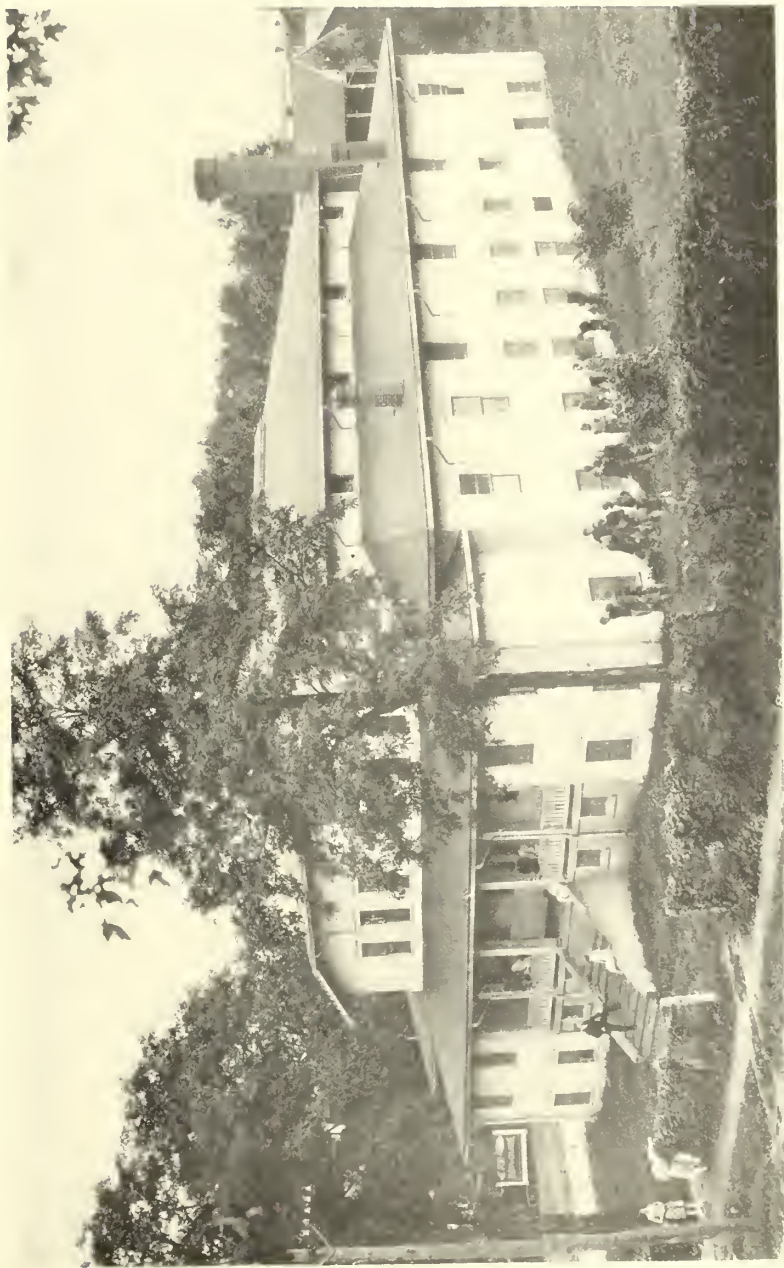
THE CAMPUS



MILLER HALL



RUMSEY HALL



PHYSICAL EDUCATION BUILDING



LIVING ROOM, HOME ECONOMICS COTTAGE



BIOLOGY LABORATORY

FACULTY



- SHAULL -



W. H. S. WHITE
President

French and Professional Subjects
Graduate Glenville State Normal
School; A. B., A. M., West Virginia
University; Graduate Student John Hop-
kins University.



A. D. KENAMOND

Dean and Director of Summer School
Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
Graduate West Liberty State Normal
School; A. B., West Virginia University;
Ogden Graduate School of Science, and
School of Education, University of Chi-
cago.



MABEL HENSHAW GARDINER

History, Economics, Civics
M. P. L., New Windsor College; A. B.,
West Virginia University; Graduate
Student West Virginia University (Cand-
idate for A. M.)



ELLA MAY TURNER

Rhetoric, Literature
Graduate Shepherd College State Nor-
mal School; A. B., A. M., West Virginia
University; Graduate Student Cornell
University and George Peabody College
for Teachers.



ADDIE R. IRELAND

Art

Morgantown High School; Graduate Art Department, West Virginia University; Student New York School of Applied Design; Member Art Students League, New York; Student Arts and Technology, University of Chicago.



ETTA O. WILLIAMS

Secretary to President
Commercial Subjects

Graduate Washington County High School and Columbia Business College, Hagerstown, Maryland; Student Columbia University; B. C. S., Bowling Green Business University.



JESSIE TROTTER

Latin and Geography

Graduate West Virginia Conference Seminary; A. B., West Virginia University; A. M., Columbia University.



FLORENCE SHAW

Supervisor of Teacher Training,
Upper Grades

A. B., Kirksville State Teachers College; Graduate Work University of Chicago.



I. O. ASH
Education

A. B., West Virginia University; A
M., University of Nebraska; Graduate
Work University of California.



MABEL M. HALL
Home Economics

Graduate Ames, Iowa, High School; B.
S. and Graduate Work Iowa State Col-
lege.



STEWART E. ARNOLD
Librarian and Registrar

A. B., Western Maryland College;
Graduate Work Ohio State University;
Chautauqua, New York (five summer
terms).



MARIE ELSIE McCORD
Music

Graduate Metropolitan School of Mu-
sic; Graduate Work at Chicago, New
York and West Virginia Universities.



KATHARINE WEVER MOORE

Physical Education for Women

Martinsburg High School; Sargent
School of Physical Education, Boston.



JOHN NEWCOME

Director of Athletics

Agriculture, Preparatory Biology
Graduate Keyser High School; A. B.,
Davis and Elkins College; Graduate Work
West Virginia University.



EDITH THOMPSON

Supervisor of Teacher Training,
Lower Grades

East Radford State Teachers College,
East Radford, Virginia; George Wash-
ington University; Columbia University;
University of Virginia.



WILLIAM H. REESE

Biology

Lerch's Preparatory School; Ph. B.,
and M. S., Lafayette College. Graduate
Work, New York University. D. Sc.
Muhlenburg College.



W. R. THACHER

Director of Extension

History and Economics

A. B., West Virginia; A. M., University of Chicago

GRACE YOKE WHITE

Public Speaking

Morgantown High School, West Virginia University.



THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

SENIORS



CHAU
1991



I. O. ASH
Sponsor of the Class of '28



SENIOR CLASS

Colors
Cerise and Gray

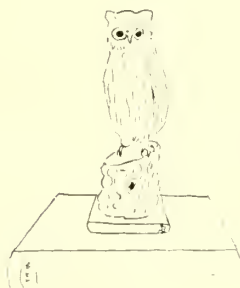
Flower
Sweet Pea

MOTTO

Nothing great is lightly won.

OFFICERS

	First Semester	Second Semester
President	Willard Haldeman	Earl Coffman
Vice-President	James Andrews	James Andrews
Secretary	Claire Schley	Claire Schley
Treasurer	Frances Heflebower	Frances Heflebower
Cheer Leader	Theodore Lowery	Theodore Lowery





SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

We were a motley crowd when first we enrolled at old Shepherd two years ago—a mixture of youth, young and silly, but with a vast capacity for co-operation.

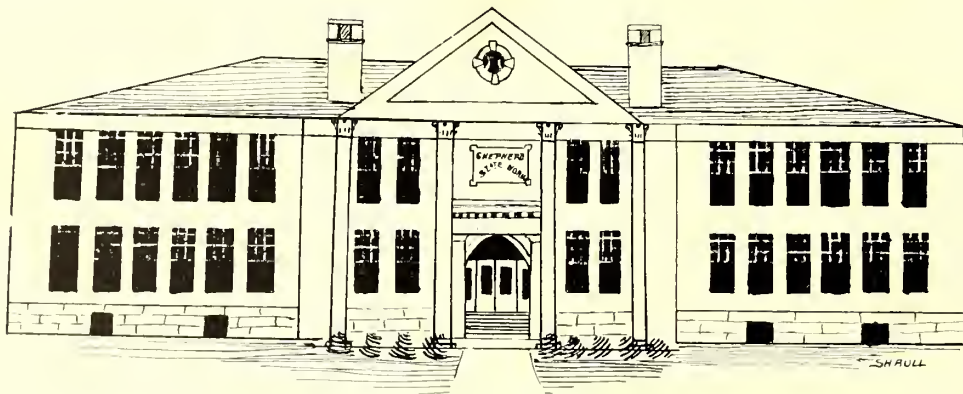
We thought ourselves the very essence of pep, and we lost a great deal of self-esteem and gained a great deal of respect for the Seniors when they were awarded the spiritus contest banner in 1927.

It was not long until we were Seniors, weighted down with sophistication and wisdom. Difficulties have confronted us, of course, but we have tried to make of them stepping stones to success.

The rating of the individuals of the class averages high. As students, their names are recorded in the Upper Ten. In forensics, the class has always contributed the orator to represent Shepherd in the inter-collegiate contests and its numerous debaters have been an important factor in winning laurels for the school. During both years of our college career, there have been starring members on all athletic teams who are also members of our class.

We may count as only one more graduating class in the annals of Shepherd College, but as individuals we feel that it is an honor and a privilege to belong to the I. O. Ash class of nineteen twenty-eight.

—Claire Schley, '28.



KNUTTI HALL



EARL COFFMAN
Fairplay, Maryland

Junior College Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Hagerstown High School. Attended West Virginia University, Summer Term. Member of Parthenian Literary Society, Forensic Club, Upper Ten 1927. Intercollegiate Debater 1927 and 1928. Business Manager of "Cohongoroota" 1926-27. Inter-society Contestant. President of Senior Class Second Semester 1928.



MERLE GAY PROBST
Franklin, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College, Spring 1925. Graduated from Potomac State School and Franklin High School.



EDNA FLORENCE BAUSERMAN
Moorefield, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College, Summer 1925. Graduated from Moorefield High School.



JAMES NATHAN ANDREWS
Martinsburg, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College, Summer 1925. Graduated from Martinsburg High School. Member of Ciceronian Literary Society, Story Telling Club, Orchestra. Vice-President of Senior Class 1928.

*B. ...
+ ...
Hills -*



VIRGINIA GRANTHAM
Kearneysville, West Virginia

Junior College Course. Entered Shepherd College Second Semester 1926. Graduated from Shepherd College, Secondary Course 1927. Attended Shepherdstown High School. Member Parthenian Literary Society and Y. W. C. A. Vice-President Parthenian Literary Society First Semester 1927. President Parthenian Literary Society Second Semester 1928.



MARY FRANCES HEFLEBOWER
Rippon, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Charles Town High School. Member Ciceroan Literary Society, Story Telling Club, and Y. W. C. A. Librarian of Girls' Glee Club 1926-27 and Treasurer of Senior Class 1927-28.



ALBERT REYNOLDS VANMETRE
Shepherdstown, West Virginia

Junior College Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1925. Graduated from Shepherd College Secondary Course 1926. Member Parthenian Literary Society, Baseball Team 1927-28, and Football Team 1927. Vice-President Secondary Class 1926-27.



CHARLOTTE IRENE ROULETTE
Sharpsburg, Maryland

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Boonsboro High School. Member Parthenian Literary Society, Story Telling Club, and Y. W. C. A.



ALSTON WESLEY SPECK
Martinsburg, West Virginia

Junior College Course. Entered Shepherd College, Fall 1926. Graduated from Martinsburg High School. Member of Parthenian Literary Society. President of Parthenian Literary Society First Semester, 1927-28.



MARTHA EASTERDAY VALENTINE
Sharpsburg, Maryland

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1927. Graduated from Sharpsburg High School. Member of Ciceronian Literary Society, Story Telling Club, Y. W. C. A.



MABEL VIRGINIA MARTIN
Albright, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College, Summer 1924. Graduated from Kingwood High School. Attended Potomac State School. Member of Story Telling Club and Parthenian Literary Society.



ELLEN REBECCA HARPER
Moorefield, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from St. John's Academy in 1926. Member of Ciceronian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., Story Telling Club, and Glee Club. Librarian of Glee Club.





GRACE EVA KNOTT
Beryl, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1927. Graduated from Piedmont High School. Attended Potomac State School. Member Story Telling Club, Y. W. C. A., Parthenian Literary Society, Forensic Club and Hockey Team.



FANNIEBELLE NEEDY
Shepherdstown, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College, Second Semester 1926. Graduated from Shepherd College. Secondary Course 1926. Attended Shepherdstown High School. Member Parthenian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and Story Telling Club.



DOROTHY LEE GRAYSON
Sharpsburg, Maryland

Standard Normal Course Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Hagerstown High School. Attended Maryland State Normal School Summer 1926. Member of Story Telling Club, Upper Ten, Y. W. C. A., and Parthenian Literary Society.



IRVING CHARLES WIDMYER
Kearneysville, West Virginia

Junior College Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1925. Graduated from Shepherd College, Secondary Course 1926. Attended Shepherdstown High School. Member Ciceroian Literary Society and College Orchestra. Vice-President Ciceroian Literary Society 1926.



ETHEL LEE KEESECKER
Martinsburg, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1924. Graduated from Martinsburg High School. Member of Parthenian Literary Society.



RUTH HAZEL BELL
Shepherdstown, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1924. Graduated from Shepherd College. Secondary Course. Attended Shepherdstown High School. Member Y. W. C. A. Glee Club. Parthenian Literary Society, and Story Telling Club. President of Y. W. C. A. First Semester 1927-28. Chaplain Parthenian Literary Society First Semester 1927-28.



STELLA VIRGINIA HEFLEBOWER
Rippon, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Charles Town High School. Member Ciceronian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., Glee Club, and Story Telling Club. Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.



MARY GAY DYER
Fort Seybert, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1923. Graduated from Shepherd College. Short Course 1924. Attended Bridgewater College 1918. Member Parthenian Literary Society and Y. W. C. A.



**ELIZABETH CATHERINE
RADCLIFFE**

Ridgeley, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Spring 1923. Graduated from Allegany High School, Cumberland, Md., and Catherman's Business College. Member of Parthenian Literary Society.



CARRIE ROBY

Petersburg, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Spring 1927. Graduated from Petersburg High School. Attended Potomac State School Summer 1924-25-26.



MARY JOHNSON SCANLON

Levels, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1927. Graduated from Short Course. Shepherd College, 1922. Member of Ciceronian Literary Society.



MARTHA OLA WARNER

Franklin, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1924. Graduated from Franklin High School. Extension work from Concord Normal, 1927-28. Member of Parthenian Literary Society, and Y. W. C. A.



IVA VIOLA PFAUS
Elkins, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1913. Attended Davis and Elkins College, Spring 1919 and Summer 1925. Member of Parthenian Literary Society and Y. W. C. A.



LILLIAN ANTOINETTE FEARNOW
Summit Point, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1926. Graduated from Romney High School 1925. Attended Potomac State School, Summer 1925. Member Ciceronian Literary Society, Glee Club, Story Telling Club, Y. W. C. A., Hockey Team, and Cohongoroota Staff 1926-27.



MARGARET EWELL BRANHAM
Hedgesville, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1924. Graduated from Hedgesville High School 1924. Member Ciceronian Literary Society, Story Telling Club, Y. W. C. A., and Hockey Team. Vice-President Story Telling Club 1928. Vice-President Y. W. C. A. 1928. President Ciceronian Literary Society 1928.



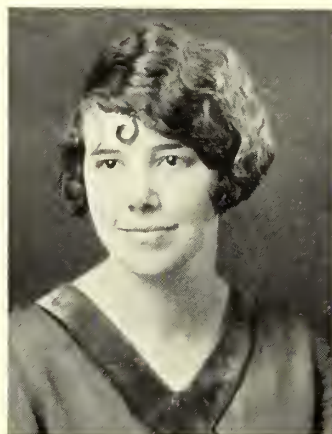
ESTELLE MAY KOONCE
Hall Town, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1925. Graduated from Harpers Ferry High School. Member Ciceronian Literary Society, Story Telling Club, and Y. W. C. A. Treasurer of Secondary Class 1925-26.



ETTIE PAULINE POFFENBERGER
Sharpsburg, Maryland

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Hagerstown High School. Member Ciceronian Literary Society, Glee Club, Story Telling Club, Y. W. C. A., and Hockey Team 1926. Vice-President Glee Club 1926-27.



ETHEL MARIE RIDENOUR
Clifton Mills, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Spring 1927. Graduated from Bruceton Mills High School. Attended Fairmont State Normal School, Summer 1926. Member Parthenian Literary Society, Story Telling Club, Glee Club and Basketball Team. Secretary of Parthenian Literary Society 1928.



ANNA MILDRED JONES
Shepherdstown, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Shepherd College, Secondary Course 1927. Attended Shepherdstown High School. Member Parthenian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and Story Telling Club.



BEULAH BEATRICE BLOOM
Slanesville, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1923. Graduated from Shepherd College, Secondary Course 1926. Member Parthenian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., Story Telling Club, and Hockey Team.



HESTER EVELYN DUKE
Hedgesville, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Hedgesville High School 1926. Member Ciceronian Literary Society, Story Telling Club, Forensic Club, Glee Club, and Y. W. C. A. Member Hockey Team 1927 and Basketball Squad 1927 and 1928. Secretary Glee Club 1927. Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. Second Semester 1926-27. Secretary Junior Class. Second Semester 1926-27. Art Editor of Cohongoroota 1927. Debater. C. L. S. Inter-Society Contest 1927. President Glee Club 1928. Secretary Y. W. C. A., First Semester 1927-28.



THEODORE ALBERT LOWERY
Shepherdstown, West Virginia

Junior College Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Richland High School, Richland, Virginia. Member Ciceronian Literary Society and Baseball Squad 1928. Cheer Leader Senior Class.



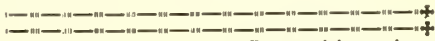
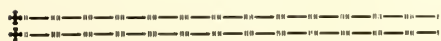
MILDRED ROWE
Smithsburg, Maryland

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1927. Graduated from Smithsburg High School. Attended Municipal University of Akron 1926-27. Member Y. W. C. A., Story Telling Club, Glee Club, and Parthenian Literary Society.

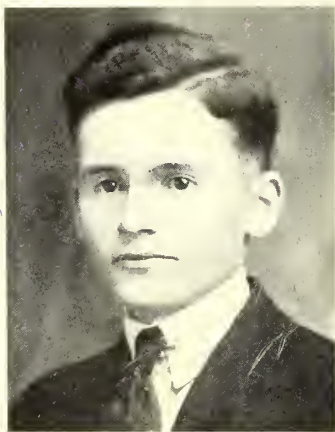


BEATRICE LEE SANBOWER
Shepherdstown, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1925. Attended Shepherdstown High School. Member Y. W. C. A. Story Telling Club, and Parthenian Literary Society.



*Big 4" has gone broke.
 We shall see what a
 Big 6" is?*



JOHN CLYDE GRAY
 Oxford, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1925. Attended Salem College, 1923. Graduated from Short Course, Shepherd College 1926.

John Clyde Gray



ELEANOR VIRGINIA BLUE
 Martinsburg, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1924. Graduated from Martinsburg High School. Member of Parthenian Literary Society. Captain of Berkeley County Dodge Ball Team, Summer 1927.



HILDA VIRGINIA BEALL
 Hedgesville, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College, Summer 1926. Graduated from Hedgesville High School 1926. Member of Parthenian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., Story Telling Club. Editor-in-Chief of Cohongoroota, 1927. Picket Staff, Second Semester 1926-27. Secretary of Parthenian Literary Society, Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., Summer 1927.



MYRTLE IRENE HUMES
 Bayard, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1925. Graduated from Thomas High School.



ELVA NEOTIE PARK
Inkerman, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1920. Graduated from Moorefield High School. Graduated from Shepherd College, Short Course 1924. Member of Ciceronian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and Glee Club.



**LAWRENCE RUSSELL
WILLIAMSON, JR.**
Hedgesville, West Virginia

Junior College Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Hedgesville High School 1926. Member Parthenian Literary Society, Football Team 1926-27, and Baseball Team 1927.



GENEVIEVE AMBROSE FEARNOW
Summit Point, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1926. Graduated from Romney High School 1926. Member of Ciceronian Literary Society, Glee Club, Y. W. C. A., and Story Telling Club.



HENRIETTA VICTORIA GRANDLE
Petersburg, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Summer 1926. Graduated from Shenandoah College. Attended St. John's Academy. Member Parthenian Literary Society and Story Telling Club.



DANIEL CRUZEN LINK
Shenandoah Junction, West Virginia

Junior College Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall of 1924. Graduated from Shepherd College, Secondary and Short Course 1924. Attended Shepherdstown High School. Member Ciceronian Literary Society and Story Telling Club.



ETHEL VIRGINIA EMERY
Shepherdstown, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Shepherd College, Secondary Course 1927. Attended Shepherdstown High School. Member Ciceronian Literary Society, Story Telling Club, and Y. W. C. A.



NAOMI HELEN COFFMAN
Fairplay, Maryland

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1926. Graduated from Blue Ridge Academy. Member Story Telling Club, Y. W. C. A., Parthenian Literary Society, and Upper Ten, First Semester 1927-28.



STELLA LYNN SHILLINGBURG
Elk Garden, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1927. Graduated from Shepherd College 1919. Attended Potomac State School 1915-1917.



CHARLOTTE CELENA ESTEP
Martinsburg, West Virginia

Standard Normal Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1927. Graduated from Handley High School. Member of Orchestra, Ciceronian Literary Society and Story Telling Club. Member of Hockey Team 1927.



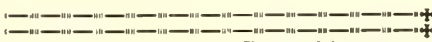
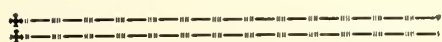
BETTIE FELTNER HORNER
Martinsburg, West Virginia

Junior College Course. Entered Shepherd College Fall 1927. Graduated from Standard Normal Course, Shepherd College 1914. Member of Parthenian Literary Society, Forensic Club, and Y. W. C. A. Member of Hockey Team and Basketball Team, 1927-28.

STANDARD NORMAL CLASS

Delbert Arbogast
Elk, West Virginia
Mary Hilda Banks
Martinsburg, West Virginia
Sarah Katherine Boxwell
Charles Town, West Virginia
Sara Brown Burdette
Martinsburg, West Virginia
Mary Katherine Gaff
Martinsburg, West Virginia
Irene Link Hill
Shepherdstown, West Virginia
Alice Cordelia Hopper
Kearneysville, West Virginia
Ethel Mae Howell
Harpers Ferry, West Virginia
Lona Halterman Huey
Mannington, West Virginia

Pearl DeHaven Hutton
Shepherdstown, West Virginia
Alice Bernice James
Shepherdstown, West Virginia
Dorothy Mae Jones
Keyser, West Virginia
Dallas Virginia Kaufman
Martinsburg, West Virginia
Grace Eva Knott
Beryl, West Virginia
Naomi Bellman Landis
Hedgesville, West Virginia
Hildegard Belle Lemaster
Martinsburg, West Virginia
Annie Snyder McSherry
Bolivar, West Virginia
Helen Gertrude Matthews
Martinsburg, West Virginia





Edith Miller
Martinsburg, West Virginia
Julia Elizabeth Myers
Martinsburg, West Virginia
George Edward Noland
Great Cacapon, West Virginia
Richard Oates
Petersburg, West Virginia
Mary Virginia O'Brien
Martinsburg, West Virginia
Pearl Bernardette Reeder
Great Cacapon, West Virginia
Irene Lemaster Riser
Martinsburg, West Virginia
Edith Virginia Sine
Hambleton, West Virginia

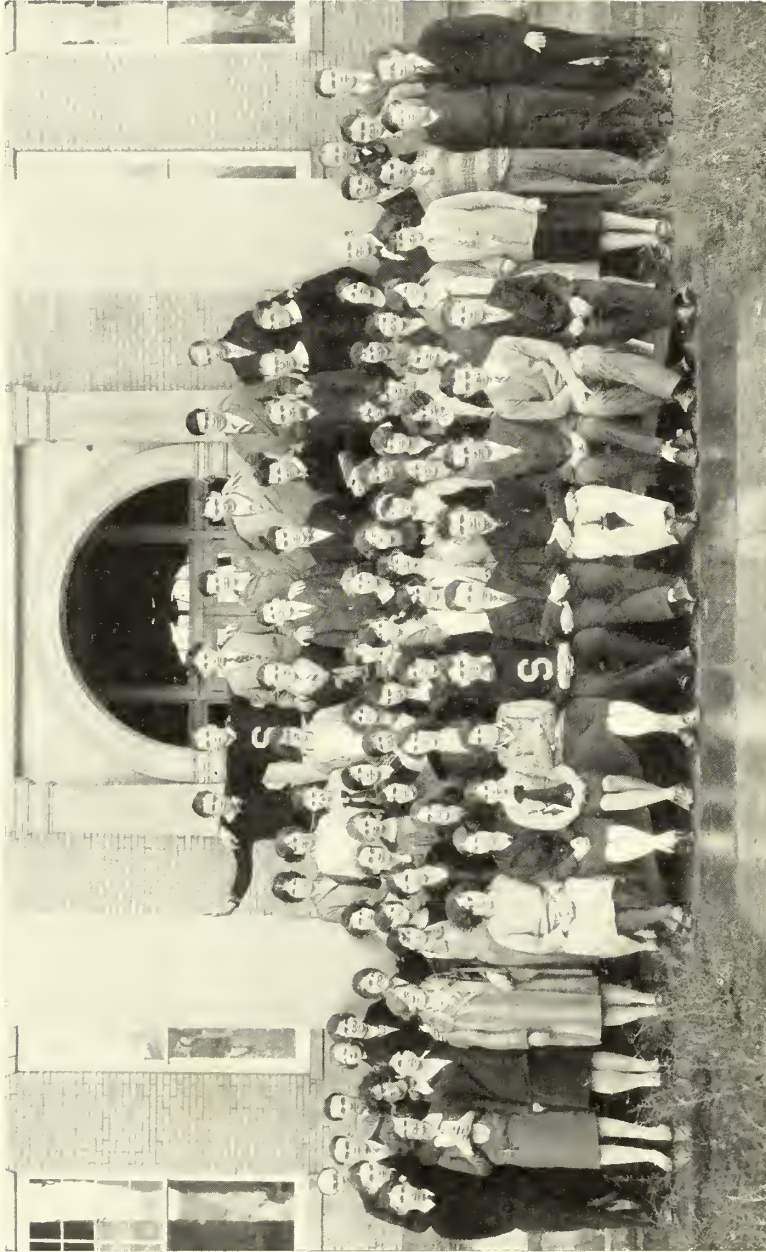
Fred Sites
Horton, West Virginia
Harry Eli Smith
Montrose, West Virginia
Mary Wilson Smith
Charles Town, West Virginia
Pauline Augusta Staubs
Harpers Ferry, West Virginia
Lakey Swartz
Hendricks, West Virginia
Mollie Earnshaw Trout
Martinsburg, West Virginia
Minnie Augusta Tucker
Kearneysville, West Virginia
Ruth Kerns Yates
Capon Bridge, West Virginia

JUNIOR COLLEGE COURSE

Velma Elizabeth Bergdoll	Carroll Friese Roulette
Petersburg, West Virginia	Hagerstown, Maryland
Ella Virginia Billmyer	Claire Pinkney Schley
Shepherdstown, West Virginia	Shepherdstown, West Virginia
Lloyd Leo Cole	Carleton Dorsey Shore
Blacksville, West Virginia	Keyser, West Virginia
Willard Woodhouse Haldeman	Merle Jacob Shultz
Ronceverte, West Virginia	Shepherdstown, West Virginia
Howard Newcome Hartman	Harry Gale Staggers
Keyser, West Virginia	Wana, West Virginia
Clayton Francis Rosselle	Ernest Cline VanMetre
Keyser, West Virginia	Shepherdstown, West Virginia
Roy William Wilkins	
Rock Oak, West Virginia	

JUNIORS





JUNIOR CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS

Colors
Cream and Crimson

Flower
Red Rose

MOTTO

Follow the Gleam

OFFICERS

	First Semester	Second Semester
President	Randall Cover	Randall Cover
Vice-President	Dan Miller	Thomas Rankine
Secretary	Jo White	Jo White
Treasurer	James Sellers	James Sellers

Cheer Leaders

Ruth Byers, Robert MacDonald, Grace Walker

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Charles William Ambrose
Hazel Pearl Barnes
Richard Hugh Beall
James Bowers
Laura Violet Brown
Mildred Drethel Burdock
Alice Ebert Butler
Hazel Marie Butts
Ruth Blanche Byers
Mary Elizabeth Carwell
Edith Elizabeth Cook
Mary Hampton Cooley
Martha Washington Couch-
man
Randall Cover
Floyd Dahmer
Leroy Robert Daily
Howard William Dean
Elizabeth Texanna DeHaven
Charles Melvin Derr
Thelma Dillon

Mary Hartzell Dobbins
Lois Edna Dunkle
James Leonard Emmart
James Preston Engle
Ione Adelyn Fairchild
Martha Estelle Fearnow
Edna Fellers
Laura Cunningham Fisher
Julian Carper Glascock
Myra Olivia Gosnell
George Vincent Greeley
George Nick Handakas
Maurice Edward Hann
Ruth Regina Harman
Joseph David Hough
Mary Belle Howell
Myrtle Mae Hutsler
Blanche Virginia James
Dorothy Lorraine Jones
Marguerite Kerran Judy
Mary Cornelia Kearns



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

On Friday, October 7, 1927, after two preliminary meetings, the Juniors of Shepherd College, numbering a hundred strong, gathered in the auditorium of Knutti Hall to hold the election of officers for the year. Among the group gathered there that day were representatives from fifteen counties of West Virginia and from three other states.

Being a peppy group, the Juniors decided at their very first meeting to take part in all activities of the school, and their record for the year shows that they carried out their good intentions. The class has furnished seven members of the football squad, five of the men's basketball team, seven of the girls' basketball team and eleven of the hockey team. Five Juniors are members of the Upper Ten, and five are inter-society contestants. The class was also well represented in the forensic field, having two members on the inter-collegiate debating team which won three successive victories.

When things began to be quiet around the school after the first semester examinations were over, the Juniors decided to hold the annual Junior prom on Saint Valentine's night. This was unanimously voted the most enjoyable dance ever held in the gymnasium.

The next thing which seriously claimed the attention of the Juniors was the annual class play. After several weeks of strenuous rehearsals, "Icebound," a drama in three acts by Owen Davis, was presented on March the twenty-fourth in McMurran Hall. It was agreed by those who saw this play that the acting was of a quality not often found in the ranks of amateur players.

The greatest undertaking of the class has been the publication of "The Cohongoroota" and as it goes to press the Juniors breathe a sigh of relief and consider this a year well spent.

—Jo White, '29



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

Colors
Old Rose and Silver

Flower
Pink Tea Rose

MOTTO

Build for character, not for fame

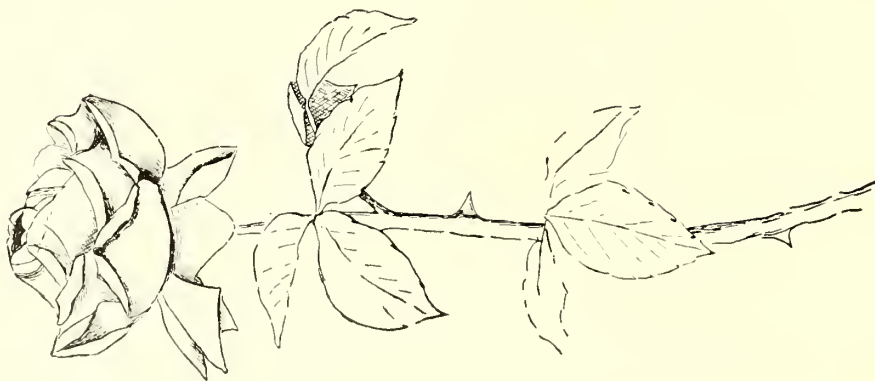
OFFICERS

President Maude Dolan
Vice-President Ada Heishman
Secretary-Treasurer Eula Haas

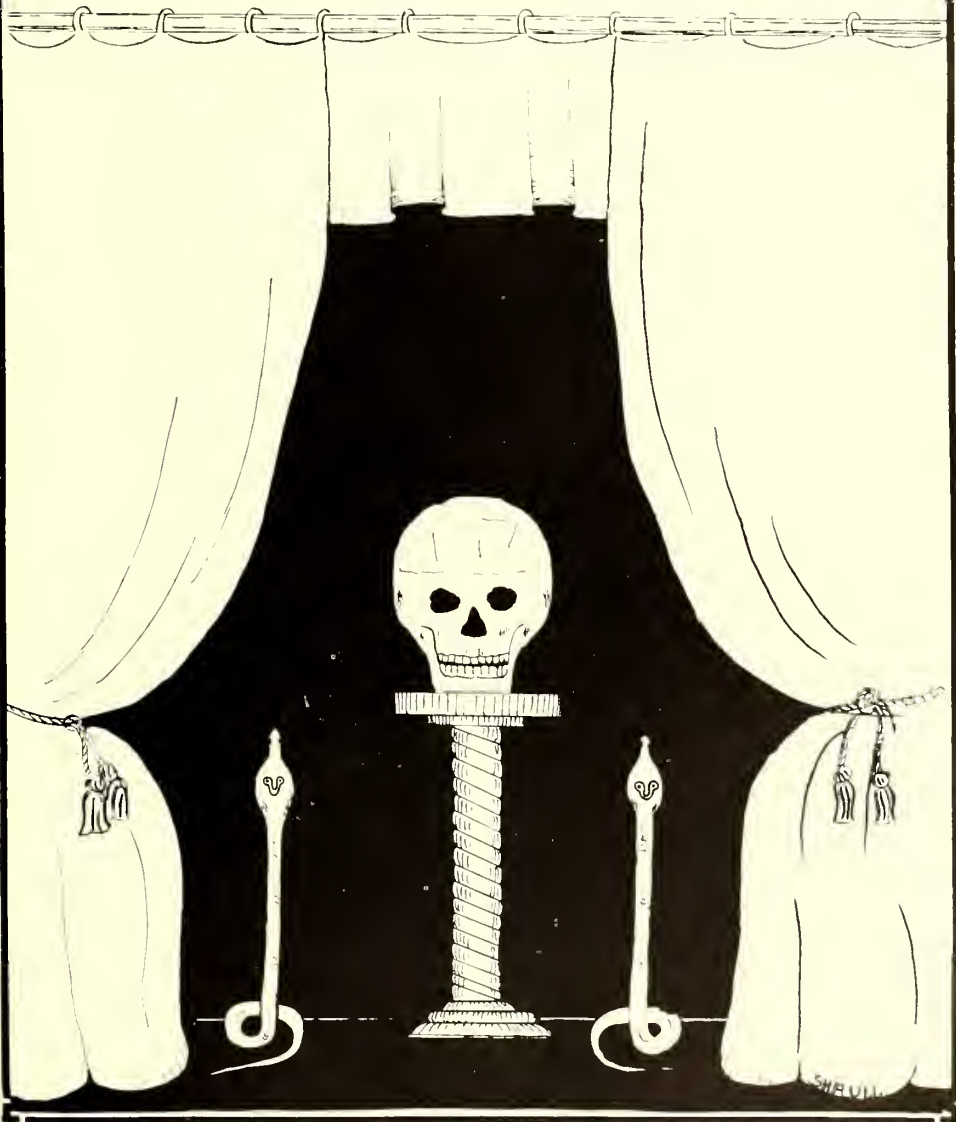
CLASS ROLL

Kanode Boswell
Bernice Daetwyler
Maude Dolan
Eula Haas
Pauline Haines

Ada Heishman
William Miller
Winfred Orndorff
Nancy Osbourne
Elva Straw



ORGANIZATIONS





ORGANIZATIONS

The oldest organization of Shepherd College, is the Parthenian Literary Society, established in 1871. Two years later, a rival society was formed bearing the name of the Ciceronian Literary Society. They hold their meetings each Friday, although the practice of meeting together, alternating each week was tried at the beginning of the first semester. The plan was not so satisfactory as it might have been, due to the fact that many of the members were absent. They are now holding their meetings separately and simultaneously.

The Ciceronians have indeed been fortunate in having a number of musicians, essayists, speakers and debaters who have given enjoyable programs. One special feature of both societies is the readings given by different students from the Public Speaking classes. One of the best programs given by the Ciceronians was on October 14, when they entertained the Parthenians. The first number was a song by the societies, "Hail, West Virginia." A reading entitled "The New Baby" by Mary Lou Pitzer was followed by a solo by Miss Mabel Hall who sang two numbers, "Jean" and the "Rosary." Dorothy L. Jones then gave a reading, "Silent Peter." The meeting closed with a song, "Alma Mater." Other programs were equally enjoyed however, some being featured with banjo, harmonica, and ukulele selections.

The Parthenians entertained the Ciceronians at a joint meeting on December 16th. They were honored with the presence of Dr. W. H. Reese who told a pleasing story about what different nations have contributed to make Christmas what it is. Clayton Rosselle then sang several humorous selections, accompanied by Merle Shultz on the ukulele. Mrs. W. H. S. White then gave a greatly enjoyed reading, "The Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry. The program closed with a violin solo by Charlotte Estep accompanied by James Andrews at the piano. On March 2, a pantomime was given in the Parthenian hall in which Nell Teter, Grace Knott, Lona Keister, Winona Collins, Henrietta Grandle and Hubert Radcliffe were the entertainers. Another feature of this program was a reading "Jim and I," given by Maude Dolan.

The inter-society contest held in June of each year, has been an interesting event for over thirty years. The Ciceronians won the contest



social affairs and under the direction of Mr. Charles Morgan has become a valuable asset not only to the school but to the town.

The woman's Glee Club and Town Choral Club under the direction of Miss Marie McCord has been a thoroughly entertaining organization, giving many delightful programs during the year. The Glee Club sang at the Homecoming and at the Christmas Carol program in the auditorium. At different times, some of its members played or sang at the assemblies. A more recent event enjoyed by all, was the Lenten Cantata, "Olivet to Calvary" by Maunders, given in Knutti Hall on Palm Sunday night. The organization should be an encouragement to all young lovers of music.

The Shepherd College Alumni Association, with a membership of fifteen hundred men and women scattered throughout this state and many others, is the largest and most important organization of the College. Each year many of the old grads come back for reunions with classmates and Faculty members. Saturday November 19 was set apart for the annual Homecoming day, which was probably the most successful of any yet held. The students and old grads were in high spirits after the football victory over Bridgewater College, which paved the way for an enjoyable evening in the gymnasium where some danced to the music of the college orchestra, while others played games and talked over old times at S. C.

The name of the different buildings was voted upon by those present. A tabulation of the votes gave very appropriate names to the buildings. The main building was named Knutti Hall after a former president of the college. McMurran Hall was the popular name given to the old college building, it being named after the first president. The men's dormitory was named Rumsey Hall in honor of James Rumsey, inventor of the steamboat, who lived in Shepherdstown. So with Miller Hall and Fairfax Athletic Field already named Shepherd's buildings and grounds possess euphonious, distinctive and distinguished names.

—Thomas Lemen,'29.



THE UPPER TEN

"PHI BETA KAPPA"

Second Semester 1927

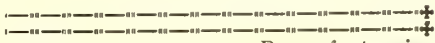
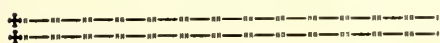
Gladys Pitzer, 95.2; Jasper Dyer, 94.529; Evelyn Duke, 94.5; Dorothy Duckworth, 94.333; Alice Hanlin, 94.059; Elizabeth M. Matthews, 94; Edna Smallwood, 93.833; Quentin Evans, 93.722; Dorothy Harr, 93.455; Hazel Barnes, 93.4.

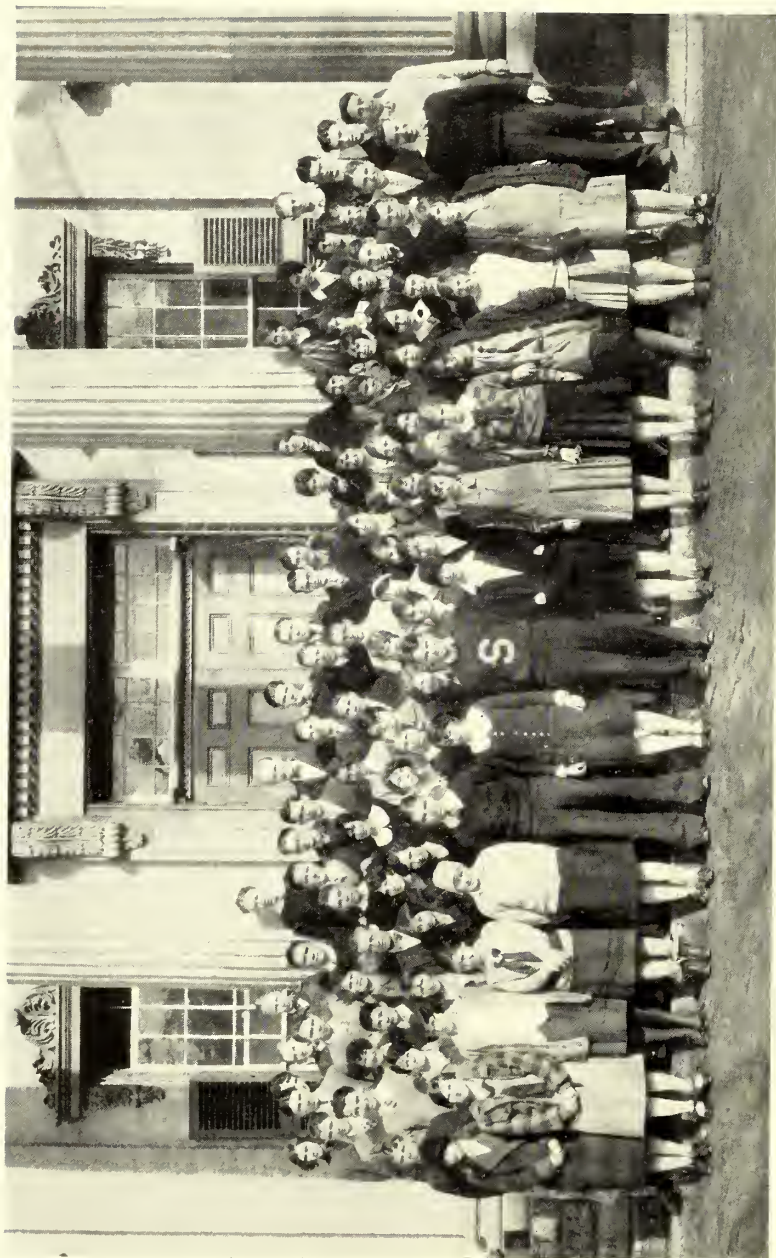
Summer Term 1927

Louise Rightstone, 96.33; Dorothy Grayson, 94.33; Mollie Trout, 93.44; James Andrews, 93.33; J. H. G. Seighman, 93.11; Roscoe G. Wolf, 93.11; Pauline Dawson, 93; Edna Smallwood, 92.7; Elizabeth M. Matthews, 92.33; J. Kermit Arbogast, 92.167.

First Semester 1927-28

Mary Gay Dyer, 94.333; George H. Ropp, 93.222; Evelyn Duke, 93.056; Estelle Koonce, 92.632; Elva Straw, 92.542; Pearl Hutton, 92.438; Grace Walker, 91.813; Floyd Dahmer, 91.438; Bessie Weaver, 91.25; Naomi Coffman, 91.111.





CICERONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



CICERONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Colors
Blue and White

Flower
White Rose

MOTTO

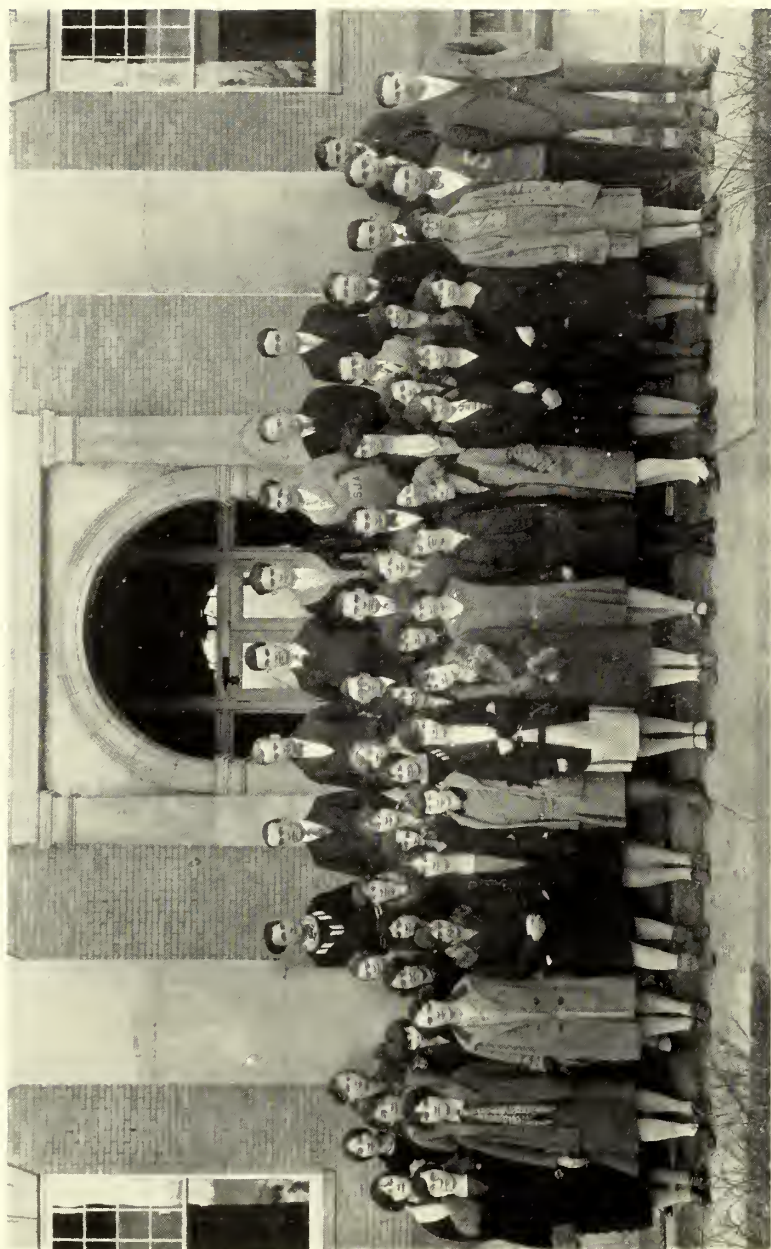
Vincit, qui se vincit

OFFICERS

	First Semester	Second Semester
President	Randall Cover	Margaret Branham
Vice-President	Mary O'Brien	Dorothy M. Jones
Secretary	Virginia Kaufman	Donna Lee Staub
Treasurer	Willard Haldeman	Thomas Rankine
Sergeant	Clayton Rosselle	Willard Haldeman
Critic	Dorothy M. Jones	Clayton Rosselle

MEMBERS

Charles Ambrose	Rebecca Harper	Elva Park
James Andrews	Frances Heflebower	Mary Lou Pitzer
Mary Hilda Banks	Virginia Heflebower	Pauline Poffenberger
Velma Bergdoll	Ada Heishman	Thomas Rankine
Virginia Billmyer	Irene Hill	Clayton Rosselle
Virginia Blackford	Joseph Hough	Carroll Roulette
Margaret Branham	Mary Howell	Ann Rutledge
Ruth Byers	Mae Hutsler	Mary Scanlon
Randall Cover	Dorothy L. Jones	Mary Shipper
Bernice Daetwyler	Dorothy M. Jones	Granville Shirley
Floyd Dahmer	Virginia Kaufman	Carleton Shore
Elizabeth DeHaven	Margaret King	Merle Shultz
Charles Derr	Estelle Koonce	Cread D. Sions
Evelyn Duke	Elfie Lampe	Azalie Smith
Ethel Emery	Thomas Lemen	Elsie Smith
Preston Engle	Miona Lowe	Donna Lee Staub
Charlotte Estep	Theodore Lowery	Catherine Sutton
Genevieve Fearnow	Robert MacDonald	Minnie Tucker
Lillian Fearnow	Marguerite Maddox	Ernest VanMetre
Edna Fellers	Virginia McBride	Grace Walker
Mary Gaff	Marian Merchant	Imogene Walper
Julian Glascock	Dan Miller	Bessie Weaver
Myra Gosnell	Lane Moler	Jo White
Eula Haas	Virginia Moler	Irving Widmyer
Willard Haldeman	Reichard Mumma	Roy Wilkins
	Mary O'Brien	



PARTHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



PARTHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Colors

Orange and Dark Blue

Flower

White Carnation

MOTTO

Prodesse quam conspicere

OFFICERS

	First Semester	Second Semester
President	Alston Speck	Virginia Grantham
Vice-President	Virginia Grantham	Earl Coffman
Secretary	Hazel Barnes	Ethel Ridenour
Treasurer	Maude Dolan	Maude Dolan
Chaplain	Ruth Bell	Mary Kearns
Reporter	Ione Fairchild	Harold Kidwell

MEMBERS

Hazel Barnes	Lona Keister
Ruth Bell	Eva Mae Keller
Beulah Bloom	Harold Kidwell
Mildred Burdock	Claudine Largent
Mary Elizabeth Carwell	Charles Lord
Margaret Clayton	Fanniebelle Needy
Earl Coffman	Nancy Osbourne
Naomi Coffman	Evelyn Ours
Winona Collins	Willard Peters
Edith Cook	Iva Pfau
Mary Cooley	Boyd Power
George Cooper	John Power
Mary Hartzell Dobbins	Hubert Radcliffe
Maude Dolan	Ethel Ridenour
Lois Dunkle	Charlotte Roulette
Mary Dyer	John Roulette
Ione Fairchild	Mildred Rowe
Henrietta Grandle	Claire Schley
Virginia Grantham	William Shaul
Pauline Haines	Gladys Shillingburg
George Handakas	Edith Sine
Ruth Harman	Alston Speck
Alice Harper	Harry Staggers
Pearl Hutton	Elva Straw
Alice James	Nell Teter
Mildred Jones	Ruth Trumbo
Mary Kearns	Albert VanMetre

Russell Williamson



SHEPHERD COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

Charles Morgan, Director

Left to right: Reichard Mumma, Violin; Charlotte Estep, Violin; Mina Sweeney, Violin; Myra Gosnell, Violin; Charles Morgan, Violin; James Andrews, Piano; G. R. Beddow, Saxophone; Kenneth Shipley, Drums; Irving Widmyer, Saxophone; Charles Ambrose, Trombone; Max Doman, Trombone; Owen Mesner, Mellophone.



WOMEN'S GLEE CLUB

OFFICERS

President Evelyn Duke
Vice-President Thelma Dillon
Secretary-Treasurer Ann Rutledge
Librarian Rebecca Harper
Director Marie McCord

Sopranos

Virginia Billmyer
Ruth Byers
Mary Cooley
Martha Couchman
Elizabeth DeHaven
Mary Hartzell Dobbins
Lillian Fearnow
Virginia Heflebower
Dorothy Jones
Virginia Moler
Elva Park
Ann Rutledge
Mary Scanlon
Azalie Smith
Nell Teter
Jo White

Altos

Ruth Bell
Thelma Dillon
Evelyn Duke
Genevieve Fearnow
Laura Fisher
Myra Gosnell
Pauline Haines
Rebecca Harper
Margaret King
Virginia McBride
Pauline Poffenberger
Mildred Rowe
Edith Sine
Grace Walker
Bessie Weaver



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

	First Semester	Second Semester
President	Ruth Bell	Hazel Barnes
Vice-President	Mary Gaff	Margaret Branham
Secretary	Evelyn Duke	Maude Dolan
Treasurer	Virginia Heflebower	Elsie Smith
Pianist	Donna Lee Staub	Virginia McBride

MEMBERS

Hazel Barnes	Ada Heishman
Ruth Bell	Mae Hutsler
Velma Bergdoll	Pearl Hutton
Virginia Billmyer	Dorothy L. Jones
Margaret Branham	Dorothy M. Jones
Hazel Butts	Eva Mae Keller
Winona Collins	Grace Knott
Martha Couchman	Virginia McBride
Maude Dolan	Leola Michael
Evelyn Duke	Mary O'Brien
Lois Dunkle	Elva Park
Mary Dyer	Iva Pfau
Genevieve Fearnow	Mildred Rowe
Lillian Fearnow	Elsie Smith
Martha Fearnow	Donna Lee Staub
Mary Gaff	Elva Straw
Eula Haas	Grace Walker
Rebecca Harper	Bessie Weaver
Frances Heflebower	Jo White
Virginia Heflebower	Etta O. Williams



STORY TELLING CLUB



STORY TELLING CLUB

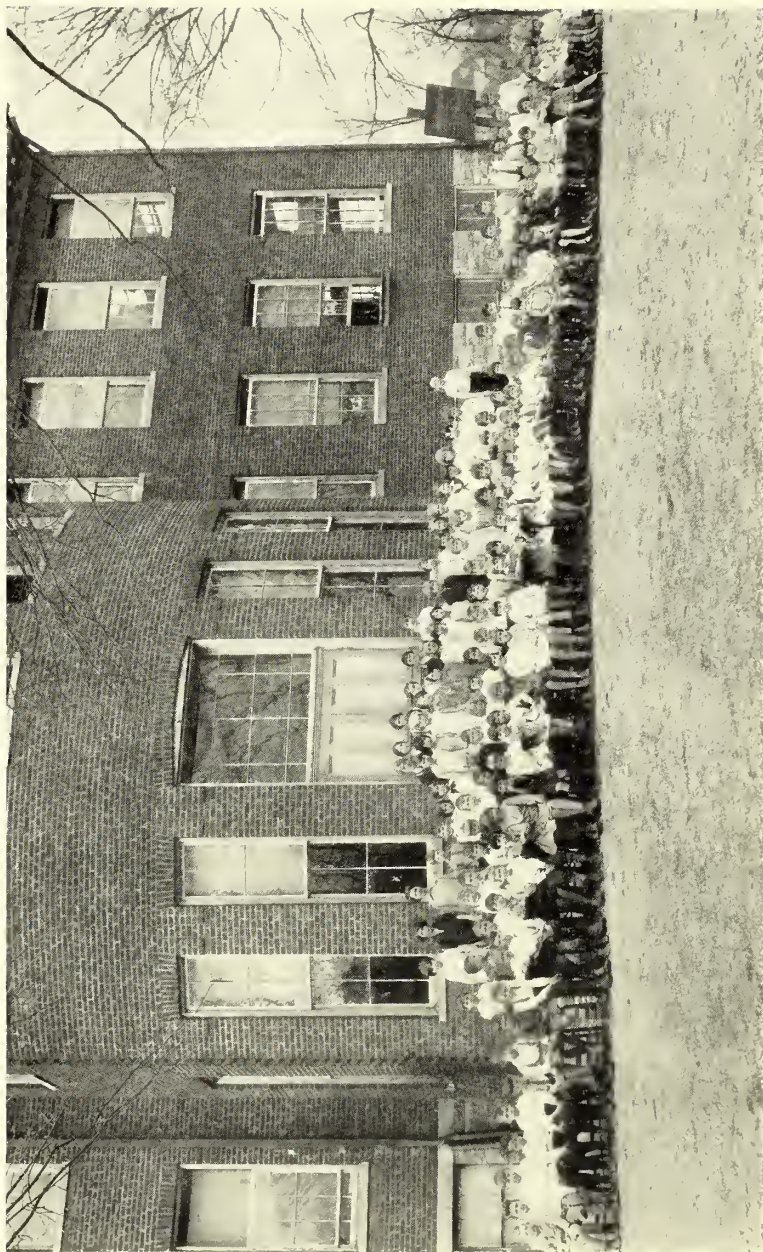
OFFICERS

	First Semester	Second Semester
President	James Andrews	Evelyn Duke
Vice-President	Evelyn Duke	Margaret Branham
Secretary and Treasurer ..	Mary Gaff	Mary Shipper

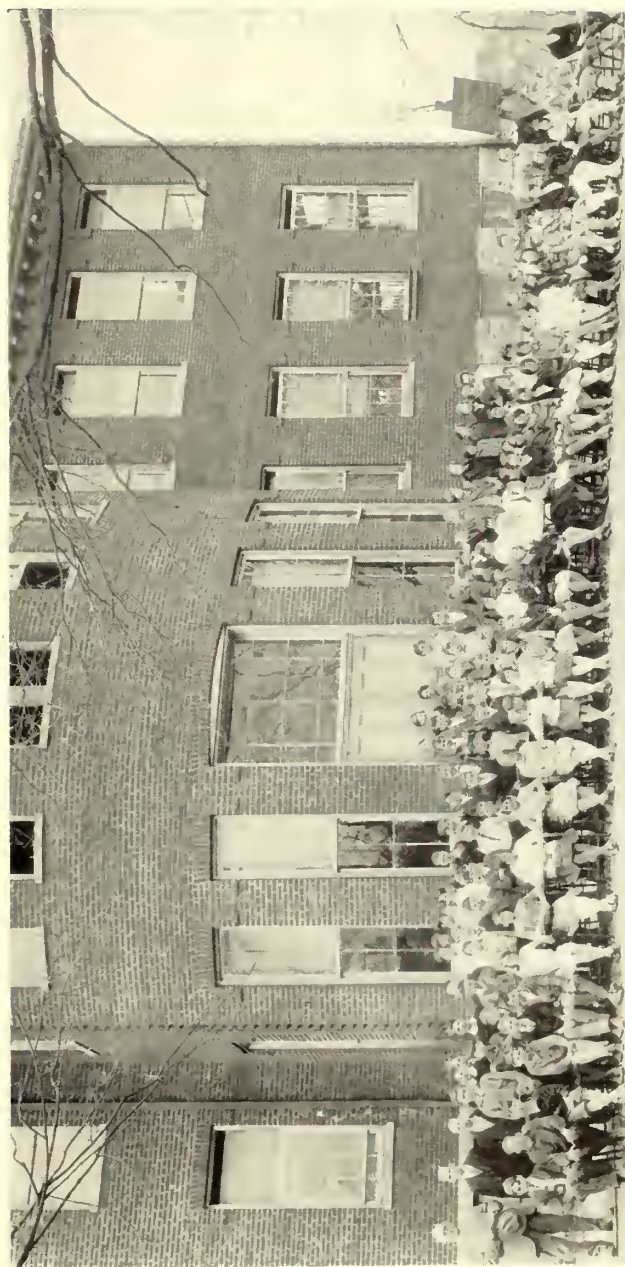
MEMBERS

James Andrews	Mildred Jones
Mary Hilda Banks	Ethel Keesecker
Ruth Bell	Eva Grace Knott
Virginia Blackford	Estelle Koonce
Beulah Bloom	Claudine Largent
Margaret Branham	Daniel Link
Mary Elizabeth Carwell	Amelia Lowery
Margaret Clayton	Marguerite Maddox
Naomi Coffman	Lane Moler
Winona Collins	Fanniebelle Needy
Maude Dolan	Harvey Oates
Evelyn Duke	Mary O'Brien
Lois Dunkle	Ada Poling
Martha Easterday	Pauline Poffenberger
Ethel Emery	Ethel Ridenour
Charlotte Estep	George Ropp
Mary Gaff	Charlotte Roulette
Henrietta Grandle	Mildred Rowe
Rebecca Harper	Beatrice Sanbower
Frances Heflebower	Mary Shipper
Virginia Heflebower	Fred Sites
Pearl Hutton	Harry Staggers
Alice James	Minnie Tucker
Dorothy L. Jones	Ruth Trumbo

Abbie Wyand



TRAINING SCHOOL, LOWER GRADES



TRAINING SCHOOL, UPPER GRADES



PICKET STAFF



PICKET STAFF

CLASS IN JOURNALISM

A. D. Kenamond, Instructor

First Semester

Charles Ambrose	Bettie Horner
Lloyd Leo Cole	Robert MacDonald
George Cooper	Carroll Roulette
Randall Cover	John Roulette
Lois Dunkle	Claire Schley
Charlotte Estep	Carleton Shore
Genevieve Fearnow	Merle Shultz
Lillian Fearnow	Cread D. Sions
Maurice Hann	Irving Widmyer

Business Manager, Charles Ambrose

Second Semester

Alice Ebert Butler	Theodore Lowery
Ruth Byers	Forrest Main
Mary Cooley	Harvey Oates
Elizabeth DeHaven	Pauline Poffenberger
Martha Easterday	Hubert Radcliffe
Irene Hill	Clayton Rosselle
Dorothy L. Jones	Gladys B. Shillingburg
Eva Keller	Harry Staggers
Claudine Largent	Nell Teter
Thomas Lemen	Ruth Kerns Yates
Charles Lord	

Business Manager, Charles Lord



Page sixty-four S. C.



COHONGOROOTA STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Violet Keller
Assistant Editor	Grace Walker
Business Manager	Charles Lord
Assistant Manager	Owen Mesner

Associate Editors

Art	William Shaull
Athletics	Randall Cover
Calendar	Dorothy Jo White
Fiction	Donna Lee Staub
Jokes	Dorothy L. Jones
Features	James Sellers and Bessie Weaver
Organizations	Thomas Lemen
Senior Class Representative	Earl Coffman
Faculty Advisor	Ella May Turner

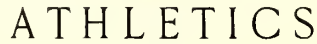


GOLDEN DAYS



-SHAULI

ATHLETICS





among those of the various schools of the state. The success of the teams during the season 1927-1928 is a tribute to the earnest work and diligent efforts of those interested in athletics at the school. We expect to see the gold and blue of old Shepherd attain still greater fame in the seasons to come, because she has the proper spirit of co-operation and sportsmanship which are so essential to success.

—Randall Coffman, '29

BASEBALL

ORGANIZATION

Allison Rider, Captain
Willard Haldeman, Captain-elect
Taxter Welshans, Manager
J. N. Newcome, Coach

LETTER MEN

Carleton Shore	C.
Willard Haldeman	P.
Russell Williamson	P.
Howard Hartman	1st.
Clayton Rosselle	2nd.
Wilson Kinney	3rd.
Ronald Stalnaker	3rd.
Harry Staggers	S. S.
Theodore Lowery	L. F.
Allison Rider	C. F.
Thomas Heltzel	R. F.
Merle Shultz	R. F.

Record Opponents	Score		Where Played
	S. C.	Opp.	
Virginia Medical College	0	3	Home
Hagerstown Orioles	5	2	Home
Hagerstown Blue Ridge Club	3	6	Away
Potomac State School	11	13	Home
Shenandoah College	4	17	Home
Blue Ridge College	1	5	Away
Martinsburg Blue Ridge Club	1	14	Home
Shenandoah College	10	21	Away
Shenandoah Valley Academy	6	8	Away
Shepherdstown	10	8	Home

Total 51 97

Won 2; lost 8.



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Front row (left to right): Sites, Williamson, White, Roulette, B. Power, J. Power, Miller, Cover, Hough.

Back row (left to right): Staggers, VanMetre, Cole, Dahmer, Hartman (Captain), Ranne, Sions, Chapman, Shultz.



FOOTBALL ORGANIZATION

Howard Hartman	Captain
Thomas Rankine	Captain-elect
George W. Cooper	Manager
J. N. Newcome	Coach

LETTER MEN

Howard Hartman	Albert VanMetre
Thomas Rankine	Boyd Power
Carroll Roulette	John Power
Randall Cover	Fred Sites
Harry Staggers	Joseph Hough
Merle Shultz	Russell Williamson
Dan Miller	Louis White

RECORD

Opponents	Score		
	S. C.	Opp.	
Glenville Normal	6	13	Home
Hose Company No. 5	26	0	Home
Potomac State School	0	7	Home
Shenandoah College	26	0	Away
Broaddus College	6	18	Away
Blue Ridge College	19	0	Away
Bridgewater College	7	3	Home
Total	90	41	

ROOTER'S SONG

A jolly good bunch of rooters we, rooters we, rooters we;
So loyal a bunch you never see, never see, never see;
We work and we play and haste along, haste along, haste along;
We always do right and never wrong.
Hear our joyous song.

Chorus

For we are always boosting the Shepherd team,
Helping them win the greatest victories ever seen;
Our men (girls) of might
Are glorious in the fight;
So root, root, root for Shepherd College.

We lustily cheer the Gold and Blue, Gold and Blue, Gold and Blue,
We're willing to fight for our colors true, colors true, colors true;
So on with the game, there's naught to fear, naught to fear, naught to fear;
We're rooting for you—"the gang's all here"—
Hark to our rousing cheer!



MEN'S BASKETBALL SQUAD

Front row (left to right) : Radcliffe, Hartman, Cover, Stagers (Captain), Rosselle, Halde-
man, Hough.

Back row (left to right) : J. N. Newcome (Coach), Rankine, Sites, Roulette, Main.



BASKETBALL



Captain Staggers

ORGANIZATION

Harry Staggers, Captain
 Randall Cover, Captain-elect
 Howard Hartman, Manager
 J. N. Newcome, Coach

LETTER MEN

Harry Staggers
 Howard Hartman
 Randall Cover
 Clayton Rosselle
 Carroll Roulette
 Joe Hough
 Willard Haldeman

RECORD

Opponents	Score		
	S. C.	Opp.	
Shepherdstown Collegians	28	21	Home
Leetown Collegians	48	18	Home
Martinsburg Y. M. C. A.	38	27	Away
Martinsburg Interwoven	30	28	Away
Potomac State School	22	65	Away
Salem College	22	33	Home
Bridgewater College	25	30	Away
Blue Ridge College	28	39	Away
Frostburg Normal	29	18	Away
Broadbudd College	37	27	Away
Fairmont Normal	31	29	Away
West Liberty Normal	29	47	Away
Davis and Elkins College	42	43	Home
Frostburg Normal	38	19	Home
Bridgewater College	43	36	Home
Gallaudet College	31	48	Away
Blue Ridge College	52	26	Home
Martinsburg Hose Company	62	15	Home
Gallaudet College	33	29	Home
Totals	646	533	
Average per game	36	30	
Won 13; Lost 7.			



GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

Front row (left to right): Fisher, Jones, Fairchild, Lowe, Banks (Captain), White, Duke, Judy.

Back row: Mrs. Moore (Coach), Gosnell, Haas, Schley, Sutton, Horner, Smith, McBride.



Mrs. Moore, Coach

Team and Letter Girls

Mary Hilda Banks	R. F.
Miona Lowe	L. F.
Claire Schley	J. C.
Virginia Moler	J. C.
Ione Fairchild	S. C.
Marguerite Judy	S. C.
Laura Fisher	R. G.
Dorothy L. Jones	R. G.
Eula Haas	L. G.

RECORD

Opponents	Score		
	S. C.	Opp.	
Alumni	34	17	Home
Winchester Athletic Association	13	47	Away
Berryville High School	22	29	Away
Shenandoah College	10	7	Away
Bridgewater College	4	19	Away
Boyce High School	26	21	Home
Winchester Athletic Association	21	31	Home
Hagerstown High School	17	30	Home
Hagerstown High School	17	38	Away
Shenandoah College	5	19	Home
Total	169	258	
Won 3; Lost 7.			



HOCKEY TEAM

Front row (left to right) : Marshall, White, Jones, Largent, Butts, Gosnell, Heishman, Lampe, Hill.

Back row (left to right) : Moler, Sutton, Horner, Blackford, Barnes (Captain), Estep, Dunkel, DeHaven, Dillon, Branham, Knott, Sine, Banks, Duke, Lowe, Mrs. Moore (Coach).



HOCKEY TEAM



Captain Barnes

ORGANIZATION

Hazel Barnes, Manager

Hazel Barnes, Captain

Mary Hilda Banks, Senior Captain

Dorothy L. Jones, Junior Captain

Seniors		Juniors	
Virginia Blackford	R. W.	Elfie Lampe	
Mary Hilda Banks	C. F.	Thelma Dillon	
Edith Sine	L. I.	Jo White	
Irene Hill	R. I.	Dorothy L. Jones	
Charlotte Estep	L. W.	{ Ada Heishman	
		{ Myra Gosnell	
Evelyn Duke	R. H.	Elizabeth DeHaven	
Hazel Barnes	C. H.	Lois Dunkle	
Margaret Branham	L. H.	Miona Lowe	
Bettie Horner	R. F.	Mary Lou Pitzer	
Grace Knott	L. F.	Catherine Sutton	
Hazel Butts	G.	Claudine Largent	

LETTER GIRLS

Virginia Blackford	Hazel Barnes	Jo White
Mary Hilda Banks	Margaret Branham	Dorothy L. Jones
Edith Sine	Pettie Horner	Ada Heishman
Irene Hill	Catherine Sutton	Lois Dunkle
Charlotte Estep	Elfie Lampe	Miona Lowe
Myra Gosnell	Thelma Dillon	Elizabeth DeHaven
Hazel Butts		Grace Knott

RECORD

Opponents	Score		Where
	S. C.	Opp.	
Alumni	7	1	Home
Total	7	1	



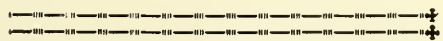
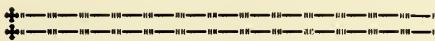


Legends and Traditions of Jefferson County



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN JEFFERSON COUNTY

According to tradition, it was erected some time between 1727-1732 and was the home of the first miller to locate in Mecklenburg, now Shepherdstown.





STORIES OF OLD SHEPHERDSTOWN



Shepherdstown is the oldest town in West Virginia. The first settlers came across the Potomac river at this place probably about 1727 to 1730, and located here for reasons quite satisfactory to those who sought a new country. One of the first necessities of a new town was plenty of water—springs to serve domestic needs and supply the cattle, and, most important of all, streams with sufficient fall to turn the grist mills and the water wheels of the early industries. The ideal conditions so far as water was concerned were found here. There are to this day within a radius of two miles no less than sixty springs of limestone water welling from the rocks that underlie this section. The Potomac flowing full and free had many fish for a change of diet. Best of all, there was a strong stream of water, heading in big springs a mile or two from the river, which in this mile or two has a fall of perhaps 150 feet or more. What could

be more beneficial than such a stream to turn the wheels of what were in truth infant industries. On this stream, therefore, were located three or four grist mills, four or five tanyards, a couple of saw mills, and other industries that needed power before the days of steam. It is no wonder that these earlier folks decided to make their homes in this salubrious place.

Shepherdstown, in its history of some two hundred years, has experienced every phase of human emotion—tragedy, comedy, melodrama—in private life and in public affairs, in church and state, in politics and religion and business. It is not strange, with many superstitions brought from the old world, that queer stories and actions should have formed a part of town life. The "Dutch Hex" was firmly believed in, and signs were regarded strictly. One often wonders just what sort of powers those old folks had, if any, to gain for them the reputation that they enjoyed.

There was Martin Stipp, well remembered by the writer, who had the power to blow fire from burns and ease the suffering that even physicians could hardly allay. Once upon a time a little boy who had gotten ready for bed was playing about the room when he fell against a very hot stove and his bare leg was most painfully burned, the print of the stove's ornamentation showing plainly where the child was branded by the hot iron. A physician was hastily called, but the heart-rending cries of the little



boy could not be silenced, though the good doctor did his best to allay the pain. An old woman of the neighborhood suggested that Martin Stipp be sent for. As a last resort this was done. Martin Stipp came, looked at the burn, mumbled a few unintelligible words, blew briskly upon the flaming spot, and lo, the child went off to sleep and never afterward complained, though for a long time he carried the print of the stove.

Other old folks about town could also blow fire from burns and use with more or less success certain signs and manipulations that would apparently alleviate many ills.

Then there were the water smellers—the men who would locate streams of underground water when it was desired to dig a well. Did they ever fail? Well, we did not hear of it if they did. These men would take a twig of a peach tree or hazel bush and grasp it in their hands in a certain way, then walk slowly around and around the location where the well was to be located. If the twig turned in their hands, it was sure to indicate water. If it did not turn, few persons had the courage to dig a well—it was pretty sure to be dry. Jacob Folk, living west of town, wanted a well at a new house that had been built on a pleasing site. He called in the water smellers, but none of them could find water. He dug a cistern. Fifty or sixty years afterward when a new owner took possession of the farm he laughed at the report that there was no water there. He called in an artesian well borer and told him to dig a well just where it was most convenient. The well digger drove his drill down a hundred feet, but no water. A hundred and fifty feet, no water. As a matter of fact he had to go down nearly two hundred feet before he got a stream, and even at that it is not sufficient for the needs of the place. Did the water smellers know their business?

Shepherdstown has been a “good circus town” for more than a hundred years. Just about a hundred years ago a circus came to town and erected its tents on the lots adjacent to the Great Western Hotel, and where the home of the writer is now located a great crowd assembled to see the circus and the appurtenances thereof. As the performance was proceeding a sudden thunder storm came up, and the wind that accompanied it was so violent that the tent began to sway, and before the frightened people could all make their escape it collapsed. At this there was great confusion, and when some foolish person shouted that the lion was loose, pandemonium reigned. It was a fearful scene for a few moments—what with the screams of the people, the clash of thunder and the howling of the animals. Order was finally restored, and fortunately no one had been seriously injured. A little girl from Philadelphia, who was visiting relatives here, got separated from her protector and was found later in a nearby doorway crying softly because her pretty red kid shoes had gotten muddy.

Many years ago—more than a hundred now—two young gentlemen of Winchester got into a quarrel over a game of cards, and officious friends made it so much worse that finally a challenge to fight a duel was offered and accepted. The two young men, who were of noted family connections, drove to Shepherdstown and on the opposite side of the river fought their duel early one morning. One of them was shot and mortally wounded. He was brought across the river to Shepherdstown and taken to the famous old Entler Hotel. Physicians summoned to give



him attention announced that he could not get well. His mother was sent for, and she rode from Winchester to Shepherdstown on horseback, but her son was dead before she arrived. This was one of the events that helped bring about soon afterward both the law and sentiment against dueling. The young man died in a room in the hotel that is now known as Rumsey Hall, the men's dormitory of Shepherd College. The writer knows just what room it is, but will not tell. The occupant might get nervous at night, for there used to be a legend that the unhappy young man's ghost walked about the room and wrung his hands as if imploring the mother to hurry, hurry.

The early settlers of Shepherdstown had scares from time to time in regard to the Indians, but fortunately there were no serious tragedies from this cause that the writer has heard of. The Pack Horse Ford across the Potomac river a mile below town was a famous crossing place for Indians, being on the long trail between the North and South, and there was once a bloody fight, tradition says, between the Delawares and Catawbias at the ford, though no white persons were involved. Traveling bands of Indians passed through here occasionally, but gave very little trouble, though women and children were always fearful when they were about. It is said that the last band of Indians passed by here about 125 years ago. They camped at Elmwood, the Lucas place, a couple of miles south of town, and remained there over night. The women of the house were nervous, but the Indians were quiet and friendly. They begged some bread and meat in the evening, and next day resumed their journey westward. Some time before this a party of Indians stole a boy named VanMetre near the Opequon creek and carried him westward beyond the Ohio river. He grew up with the Indians, and when he was a grown man came back to his people here, though later he returned to the Ohio country. There used to be individuals in this community of whom it was said that they had "Injun" blood in their veins. Ordinary folks were always a bit afraid of them and children stepped lightly in their presence.

Shepherdstown was on the high road between Baltimore and the Southwest, and wagoners in the early days, hauling goods from Baltimore to points as far away as Tennessee, would stop here over night. There were numerous saloons and inns and "ordinaries" here, and when the rough-and-ready wagoners began to feel their liquor, quarrels and fights were bound to ensue. Gambling and horse racing and cock fighting and other sports were the order of the day, and on one occasion a dealer from the Southwest who lost at cards all the money he had received for a drove of cattle sold in Baltimore committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. Teamsters took pride in their four-horse teams, and kept their animals in the best of order. Most of them used bell teams—that is, standards of bells attached to the harness of the horses that rang merrily by day, and by night gave notice of their approach. Roads were not very good in those days, and often the wagons would get stuck in the mud holes. If the driver was unable to get out by the efforts of his own team, he would have to wait until another team came along, when he was forced to humiliate himself and ask for help. If the other fellow had to use his team to help the unlucky one, he had the privilege of taking his bells as a prize. This was regarded as a most disgraceful evidence of a poor team and the unlucky driver or owner was subjected



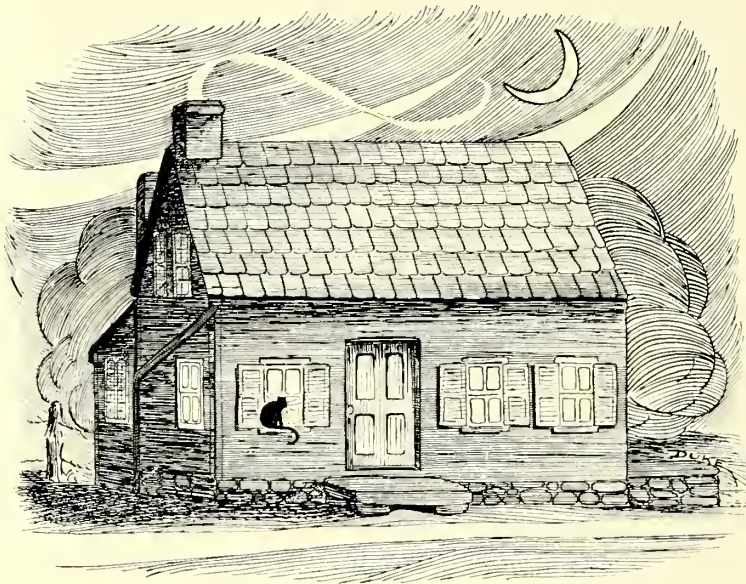
to much unpleasant banter and would have to treat all and sundry at the inn where he stopped for the night.

Shepherdstown was not without its romances in the early days. It was noted for the beauty of its women, and visitors from the larger cities carried away many a pretty girl, much to the disappointment of our own young men who could not compete with the gallantry of city beaux. The social lines were rather closely observed, and among the young ladies there was then, as now, a strong desire to better themselves when they were ready to establish homes of their own. It always seemed as if a distressingly large number of our most popular young folks sooner or later went to the cities to avail themselves of what seemed to be greater opportunities and advantages. This tendency has continuously robbed the country towns of a large proportion of its desirable population, for few of them who have gone away have found the path back to the old home except as casual visitors. What a wonderful place Shepherdstown would have been—would be now—if these interesting and cultured and lovable natives could have had opportunities and inducements sufficient to have kept them at home.

—H. L. Snyder.



THE OLD ENTLER HOTEL



GHOSTS OF THE OLDEN DAYS

Long, long ago, the VanMetres, the Cookuses, the Schells, the Entlers and their kin, being desirous of escaping from all Sleepy Hollow Headless Horseman environment, made a settlement in New Mecklenburg, then called Potimoke. When the village fathers believed themselves to have found the land of their dreams they made laws for their government, even providing specifications for home building.

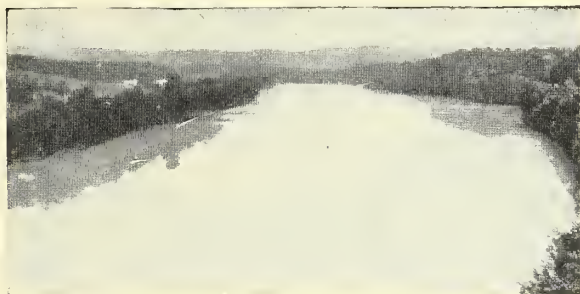
This cabin, representing the specified type of first Shepherdstown home, was erected and occupied by the village cobbler, a man well-beloved by his neighbors. All day long and often far into the night, the tap, tap, tap, of his hammer could be heard. It was music in the ears of many a swain going from his wooing late at night.

But one morning the village was startled to hear that the cobbler had been found dead some distance from the cabin. It was generally known that the old man had accumulated money. None was ever found. "A foul deed," said the neighbors.

Soon after the funeral of the cobbler, a family moved into the cabin. They brought their cat. One night while sitting around the fire they heard the tap, tap, tap of the shoemaker's hammer! Up the stairs, lickety-split went the cat. Again the next night came the weird sounds. Down from above-stairs came the cat—and disappeared through the door, never to return!

The family moved out. Years later, other families lived in the house—those unafraid. And, credent ones say, even to this day, the tap, tap, tap, of the cobbler's hammer may be heard at the witching hour of the night.

Long live the Ghosts of the Treasured Past.



PACKHORSE FORD

About a mile east of Shepherdstown is the famous Packhorse Ford, the only crossing of the Potomac for many miles east and west of it. It has been called the "bridge" of the great Indian highway running north and south. There the great Shawnee tribe that once held undisputed possession in the country along the Shenandoah southward from the Potomac, doubtless crossed many a time. There the Delawares going south and the Catawbas going north crossed and recrossed, and hostile tribes waged battles. There the early settlers crossed to take possession of the lovely and fertile valley and found new homes.

About 1717 Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, met with several Indian chiefs of the northern tribes to make a general treaty. These Indians would not talk peace until they had told of the wrongs that some white people and Indians of the South had committed. Later Governor Keith went to Virginia where he urged Governor Spotswood to help bring about peace between the Delawares of the North and the Catawbas of the South. The two governors finally came to an agreement that they would use the Cohongoroota river as the dividing line between the two sections of the hunting ground, and that neither tribe would trespass on the other's territory.

Long before the coming of the white man, the ford had been known to the Indians and it formed a part of their great highway, connecting the North and South. The valley was so fertile and full of game and fish that it was a favorite hunting ground for warriors of both sections of the country, and hunting parties were constantly passing through it.

Long ago the Delawares started on a hunting trip, and being very successful, they moved farther and farther south until they came to the country of the Catawbas. As they were fat with good things, they became insolent and did unspeakable things to the Catawbas. This roused the latter to such rage and resentment that they armed themselves and as the Delawares started northward again they were followed by their enemies.

At the ford the retreating braves made camp, and here the Catawbas came up and gave battle. The Delawares met their pursuers joyfully. The valley rang with shouting and the horrid cries of Indian warfare. One by one the Delawares were struck down. The triumphant Catawbas annihilated their enemies who had stirred them by their evil deeds, all but one. One man of the Delawares escaped, while the scalps of the warriors of his tribe were bleeding in the hands of his foes.

After the battle, when the warriors displayed their dangling scalps, one man alone had no trophy to show, for this he felt disgraced. He started in pursuit of the one enemy who had escaped. For a long journey of one



hundred miles he tracked the unfortunate Delaware to the banks of the Susquehanna, where he tomahawked his enemy, took his scalp, and returned triumphant to his tribe.

This was one of the most famous fights between the tribes, and bones, skulls, and arrow heads are frequently plowed up today on the scene of the conflict. A few years ago a freshet on the Potomac wore a part of the bank away, disclosing a piece of Indian paint-pot with some of the war paint yet clinging to it, a grim reminder of the past.

There is another story of Indian love quite as terrible as Indian hate, which took place at this time a few miles from Packhorse Ford, in what is now Washington County, Maryland.

A young French girl named Rosaline lived with her parents and little brother on the Red Hill. No doubt she was slender and dark eyed, and had the grace of her countrywomen. That she was attractive enough to inspire a savage passion we learn from her story.

This French settler and his family lived in a log house, leading a life of simplicity. When the battle between the Catawbias and Delawares was fought, hearing the dreadful sounds of savage warfare, the settler and his family fled to South Mountain where they took refuge in a hiding place. Here they stayed for days, afraid to venture back to the house for fear the Indians might still be in the neighborhood. For days they lay hidden, exposed to the weather and suffering for want of food. When the family returned the wife and little boy sickened with fever and died. Rosaline, stricken with grief and suffering from exposure, went to live with neighbors where she drank water from a spring near by. In a short time she was wonderfully better. The recovery was attributed to the waters of the spring which was afterwards known as the Belinda Springs.

Strong and well again, Rosaline went back to her father on Red Hill. Soon a Catawba chief saw her, and going to her father he demanded her in marriage. One can imagine the daily fear that Rosaline endured. One night when she and her father sat at the open cabin door a shot rang out and her father fell dead. The Catawba chief appeared by her side and bore her away to his tribe. No more was ever heard of her.

At another time a Delaware brave went South where he stole a Catawba girl. On his way back north he missed the trail leading to the ford and came out on a cliff of rocks overlooking the river. His pursuers were coming up behind him, and the only thing to do was to jump, so he and his sweetheart leaped over the cliff to sudden death. Since that time the rocks have borne the name of "Lovers' Leap."

There is an old tradition that the Catawbias buried a noted Delaware chief alive after one of their combats, at Swearingen's Spring, which is on the Potomac about half a mile above Shepherdstown. The water from this spring is said to jut out in spurts, and this the Indians declared was caused by the heart beats of the imprisoned Indian chief buried at its source.





It is interesting to know that the Indians called the river the Cohongoroota, meaning the "River of wild geese." We shall now see how the name was changed to the Potomac.

It was well known that Governor Spotswood desired emigrants to settle the valley along the river to protect the rest of Virginia. Settlers began to appear early in the eighteenth century. They came from old settlements in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Many settlers came on pack-horses bringing goods of every description. They all crossed at this same ford and soon the name of Packhorse Ford designated this crossing place. The name of the river was also changed from the Cohongoroota to the Potomac, the new name meaning the "River of traders." The valley of Virginia was a land of plenty in those days. The abundant streams swarmed with fish; there were buffalo, deer and elk on the hills. The hardy pioneers who built their rude cabins in the unsettled country were at no loss for provisions.

That there was a small settlement at the Packhorse Ford and that it was known by the name of Packhorse Settlement, there can be no doubt. The earliest name given to the village was Swearingen's Ferry. About 1760 the people spoke of the community as Mecklenburg. Later the name was changed to Shepherdstown.

The first soldiers to organize in this part of the country at the time of the Revolutionary War organized at Shepherdstown, crossed the river at Packhorse Ford and joined Washington at Boston. The ford also played a part in the Civil War, for it was at Packhorse Ford where General Lee and his army crossed to fight the battle of Antietam.

How much more then can the observer appreciate the view of this ford, after knowing a few of the most important events that happened there.

—Grace Walker, '29.



NEAR PACKHORSE FORD



The Washington Masonic Cave in Old Jefferson

A Tradition

The youthful George Washington truly gave early evidence of leadership among men. That he loved his fellow-men and wished to be of and with them is attested by many recorded facts of authentic history. The records of the great Masonic fraternity are filled with indisputable evidence that the future leader, patriot and president bound himself by strong social and fraternal ties to groups of the leading men of his time. A large percentage of his generals were undoubtedly selected by him from among the membership of his fraternal associates.

If tradition is correct, two years after the father of his country reached his majority, 1754, he presided as Master over the first lodge of Free Masons ever assembled west of the Blue Ridge mountains. The place of meeting, one of the caverns of limestone formation, for which the beautiful Shenandoah Valley is famous, now nearly two centuries later, bid fair to be a shrine to the memory of the first great patriot, unexcelled by any save Mount Vernon.



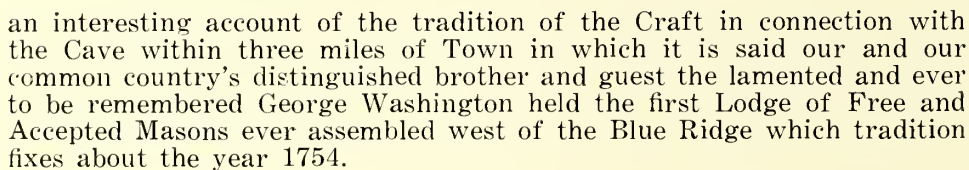
Masonic tradition informs us that from time immemorial the fraternity held its meetings on high hills and in low vales in order to observe the approach of eavesdroppers. Hence it was that in 1754, in his twenty-second year, the youthful Washington conducted those in the vicinity of the settlement which afterward became his brother "Charles Town" who were already members of the ancient craft, together with those who were to be made members in a body to the "Cave," a short distance south of what is now the county seat of old Jefferson, for the purpose of opening the first lodge of the order west of the Blue Ridge mountains.

The brethren must have decided upon this cave as a permanent place of meeting, for twenty years later, a Mr. Davis conveyed by deed filed by title in the Clerk's Office of Berkeley County, one and one-eighth acres of land on which the cave is located, to Samuel Washington and others as trustees. But there were no electric-lighting or ventilating systems in those days, and, besides, the disagreements with the mother country were consuming all the time and thought of the patriots and so the historic place was permitted to lapse into obscurity.

Ninety years later on Thursday, May 16, 1844, the Masons of Triluminar Lodge No. 117 of Middleway—the famous ghost-haunted hamlet of Wizard Clip, in Jefferson County, Virginia, resolved to celebrate the installation of the first lodge west of the Blue Ridge barrier, and accordingly sent out invitations to members of the fraternity in Jefferson, Berkeley and Clarke counties in Virginia, Frederick and Washington counties in Maryland and even as far west as Cumberland and as far south as Staunton.

There was a great outpouring of the membership. The secretary's minutes of the meeting, still in possession of the lodge and also of Mt. Nebo Lodge of Shepherdstown, to which as a courtesy a copy of the minutes was sent by John F. Smith, Secretary Pro Tem., list one hundred and twenty-five members with the statement "and many other brethren."

In the secretary's neat clear, concise and artistic hand the minutes proceed: "The Fraternity assembled in the large room over the Court House Hall (Charles Town) at 10 o'clock, A. M. The procession moved thence under escort of the Charles Town Artillery, commanded by Capt. Rowan, and the Jefferson Guards by Capt. J. G. Packett, directed by Bros. Capt. G. W. Sappington and W. G. Ferguson, on horseback as marshals, the whole being under special direction of Bro. John S. Harrison of Martinsburg as chief marshal and Bros. N. Seever and Morgan Johnson as assistant marshals, to the Presbyterian Church where the ceremonies were opened by prayer by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Dutton. An eloquent and appropriate address suitable to the interesting occasion which had called the fraternity together was then delivered (occupying an hour and twenty minutes) by Bro. Charles J. Faulkner of Martinsburg; giving



“Among other interesting Masonic relics, the orator held up to the audience an apron of black silk velvet, presented more than a half century since to Gen. Washington by the Grand Lodge of France, through the person of his early friend, brother and companion in arms, Bro. Gilbert M. D. Lafayette. This Masonic relic is the property of Mt. Nebo Lodge, given it by Mildred, daughter of Gen. Washington’s brother Charles.

“The craft was called from labor to refreshment and proceeded in a body to the hotel of Capt. Jos. F. Abell, where the brethren in a body partook of a sumptuous dinner served up in the usual style of that excellent caterer. Soon after dinner the craft again assembled at the Court House and resumed their labor, formed procession again and proceeded on horseback to the cave. About 150 of the craft, two companies of volunteers, a band of music and a large number of citizens entered this subterranean excavation rendered interesting to every good and zealous Mason as being the place in which their valuable tenets were first imparted in Western Virginia and one-half an hour and more were spent in exploring the different apartments of this wonderful natural curiosity. The procession returned to town at 5 o'clock all much pleased with their first Masonic visit to this consecrated spot.

“The craft was again called from labor to refreshment (at least the brethren of Triluminar Lodge) to meet in their hall at Middleway, on Saturday evening the 18th. inst, which was accordingly so done and M. M. Lodge closed in due form.”

On that memorable day in 1884, it is recorded that "Bro. L. L. Stevenson, P. G. M., presided over the several Lodges collectively, as W. M." Those who occupied the officers' stations for Triluminar, the hostess Lodge, were Lewis Fry, W. M., Vance Bell, S. W., J. R. A. Redman, J. W., S. L. Minghini, Treas., J. W. Grantham, Secy., Joe E. Bell, S. D., J. H. Campbell, J. D., John Fearis, Tyler. It is interesting to note that of all the above officers, only two, S. L. Minghini, the Treasurer, and Joe E. Bell, S. D., were regular officers. The others are listed as p. t.—pro tem. Clearly Triluminar Lodge was that day putting her best foot foremost—with her best qualified members in the chairs.



The Lafayette Apron

The Masonic Apron held up to the audience that bright Thursday in May, 1844, is as beautiful and well preserved today in the beautiful Lodge Room of Mt. Nebo Temple in Shepherdstown, as it was on the day it was worn to the historic Cave. This apron came into possession of Mt. Nebo through Charles Washington's daughter Mildred. She married Capt. Thomas Hammond, who, tradition says, became a member of Mt. Nebo in 1815 and in token of his appreciation for the initiation ceremonies, presented the apron to the lodge. He stated that his wife's Uncle George had worn it at the laying of the cornerstone of the National Capitol.

The *Washington Intelligencer*, of May 2, 1847, three years after the Triluminar Lodge meeting at the "Cave" gave a graphic account of the laying of the cornerstone of the Smithsonian Institution in the capital of the Nation. B. B. French, Esq., then Grand Master of the District of Columbia, during the ceremony, "informed the assembled multitude," says the *Intelligencer*, "that he held in his hand the identical gavel used by the immortal Washington, in conducting the Masonic ceremonies upon the laying of the cornerstone of the Capitol of these United States. He also stated that he had the honor then to wear an apron worn upon the same occasion by the Father of his Country, which was presented to Washington by the Grand Lodge of France through that great and good patriot and Mason, General Lafayette." Hundreds of tourists, passing over the main highway from Maryland southward, stop in Shepherdstown to admire and pay homage to this beautiful apron with its artistic hand-embroidery.

In Mt. Nebo Lodge, there is also a facsimile from the records of Fredericksburg Lodge, in a frame on the wall beside the historic apron. From this record, visitors may read: "4th Nov., 1752, Entered as apprentices,—Charles Lewis, George Washington. 3rd March (1753) George Washington passed Fellow Craft. 9th. August, 1753 Daniel Campbell, W. M. George Washington raised Master Mason. Thomas Jefferson entered an Apprentice." There is today an added interest in this record of August 9, 1753, in the statement that Alexander Woodrow was Secretary



Pro Tem. on that memorable evening. "What significance," remarks the visitor, "there may be for later posterity in that name!"

The above tradition has brought many criticisms from various historians and would-be historians all of which are most interesting. One of these is that Washington could not have held his meeting at the Cave in 1754 because in that year he spent all his time visiting the French forts on the Ohio. Now these are the facts of Washington's 1754 activities: He received his commission to carry the message to the French on October 31, 1753; Jacob Vanbraam and Christopher Gist accompanied him on his mission. On December 11 he reached the French fort; he delivered Governor Dinwiddie's message and returned immediately, reaching Williamsburg January 15, 1754.

On May 28, 1754, the first blood was shed at Great Meadows, when Washington's men were compelled to fire upon the French near Fort Necessity. The famous battle of Fort Necessity was fought July 3, 1754 after which Washington returned immediately to Williamsburg and made his report. He then went at once to Alexandria, where he was until October, when he resigned from Governor Dinwiddie's army, because of the rearrangement of the rank of the officers from the various colonies. He was not connected with the army again until Braddock arrived February 20, 1755, when Washington joined him. Hence, it is assumed that Washington did, indeed, have ample time to hold his lodge session at the Cave near Charles Town in 1754—whether he did or not.

There is undoubtedly a mystery yet unexplained connected with the several aprons. The one at Alexandria, which has received the approbation of historians, has a very striking resemblance to the one at Shepherdstown. There is or was an apron several years ago in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, which was labeled as the apron presented to Washington and made by Lafayette's daughters. This apron also bore a striking similarity to the other. The mystery, therefore, still remains where did these aprons all have their origin? After all is said, the apron in the lodge room at Shepherdstown is a most interesting bit of handiwork and will continue to receive the admiration of visitors.

—W. H. S. White.

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THE LEGEND OF WIZARD CLIP

In the southwestern part of Jefferson County, West Virginia, less than a mile from the Opequon Creek, is a little town having three names—Middleway, Smithfield, and Clip. It has been called Middleway because it is situated at equal distances from Martinsburg, Winchester, and Harpers Ferry; Smithfield, because a prominent Smith family lived there for several years; and Clip because of a legend which I shall try to tell to you.

Adam Livingstone, a Pennsylvanian, came to the vicinity of Smithfield about 1790. He bought seventy acres of land, a home, and several lots, and he and his wife settled down contentedly in their new environment. Livingstone had a mild and genial disposition which was certainly unlike that of his wife. If each had had the disposition of the other, the family affairs would probably have turned out better than they did. It has been said that the family had many misfortunes before coming to Smithfield but the change in surroundings seems to have put an end to them. The couple delighted in contrasting their former failures with their present success.

At that time railroads and steamboats were not in use and goods were conveyed by horsepower. The main road running from Baltimore and Alexandria to Southwest Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, passed through Smithfield. One evening a traveler stopped at the Livingstone home and asked for lodging for the night. Mr. Livingstone cheerfully consented to take the stranger in. After the evening meal was over, the men sat by the fireside and talked while Mrs. Livingstone worked and listened. About ten o'clock all retired.

Mr. Livingstone was awakened about midnight by queer noises which came from the stranger's room. He arose and went to see what was wrong. In answer to his query the stranger replied that he was very ill and was afraid that he might die. He said that he was a Catholic. In his past days, when he was in good health, he had sinned, and now he felt the need of a priest. Mr. Livingstone said that he was a Protestant and did not know where he could find a priest, but he would go out to see some Catholic families—the McSherrys and Minghinis, who lived in the vicinity. His wife overheard the conversation and informed him that he would be foolish to go out at that time of night to find a priest for a man whom he did not know, and declared even if he were successful in his quest no Catholic priest would ever darken her door. As usual he obeyed his wife and returned to his bed, leaving the sick man alone. When daylight came the stranger was dead.

Nothing was known of him except that he was a Catholic. He had not revealed his name, his business, whence he had come, or his destination. The responsibility of burial rested upon Mr. Livingstone.

A man, whose name was Jacob Foster, was hired as a wakesman for the first night. He lighted a candle and carried it into the room where the body lay, and when he set it down it flickered and went out. Other



candles were lighted but all refused to give light. Mr. Foster left the premises in a hurry.

On the second night after the death of the stranger, Mr. Livingstone and his family were sitting before the living-room fire; when, to their great amazement, the coals leaped from the fireplace and frolicked around the room, while the terrified wife and husband ran after them to prevent their burning the furnishings. To add to the terror of the unhappy couple, horses seemed to be galloping around and around the house though nothing could be seen.

The day after the stranger was buried, Mr. Livingstone was walking down the road when he met a wagoner who inquired in a very angry voice why he was stopping travel by tying ropes across the road. Mr. Livingstone could see nothing which might cause the wagoner to stop, so he concluded that the man was intoxicated. A second wagoner approached, stopped beside the first, and asked bewildered Livingstone the same questions as did the first, but in more forceful language. When he made no effort to remove the obstacle the angry wagoners drew from their pockets their knives and slashed at the rope, but they came in contact with nothing. It was then the wagoners who were bewildered. He told them to drive on regardless of the rope. They did this and their teams did not meet the least resistance. Every wagoner who passed that way was stopped by the rope, but at his command they passed on as did the first.

These strange happenings were too much for the courage of most of the people of the vicinity. Even Mrs. Livingstone's courage failed her. There was, however, a German tailor in the community who contemptuously regarded the people as superstitious. He decided to visit the house and prove to them that there were no ghosts. Having made a suit for a man who lived beyond the Livingstone home he took it with him thinking that he would deliver it after making his visit. He entered the house and inspected it thoroughly, but nothing unusual happened. Very much pleased with himself, he went on to the home of his customer where he boasted of his courage and ridiculed other people's ignorance. Very proudly he opened the package to show the man his suit, but to his astonishment he found it full of crescent-shaped holes.

Many people from far and near did not believe the stories of weird happenings in the Livingstone home. A party of skeptical young people gathered at the house one night to have a rollicking time. The young men wished to show the world and their sweethearts that they were afraid of nothing. One rough, blustering fellow courting a girl who lived in the neighborhood wished to show her how bold and daring he was. Everyone was dancing. The Winchester lad heard something clipping and felt something flap against his legs. He investigated and found to his chagrin that his trousers had been clipped from the waist band. It was necessary for him to sit down during the remainder of the festivities. As soon as his friends found out his plight they made his staying so disagreeable that he was forced to back out through the door while the ladies turned their eyes in another direction.



The strange occurrences did not stop. In the days that followed money disappeared, the crockery tumbled, the furniture danced at midnight. Livingstone's sheets, boots, clothing and saddles were clipped in crescent shapes, the heads dropped from the fowls, his cattle died, and his barn burned.

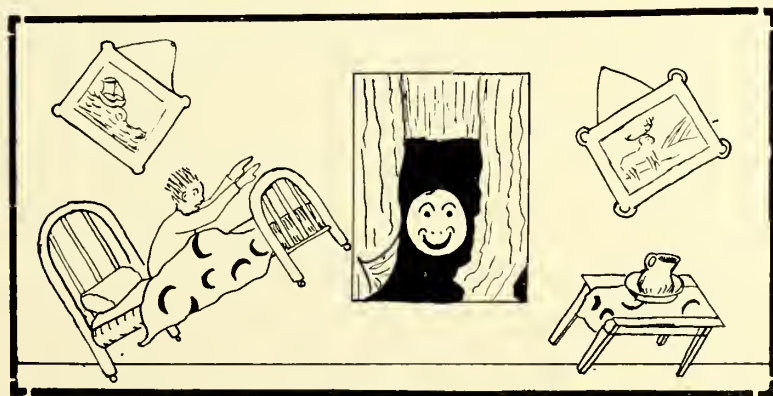
One night Livingstone had a dream. He was climbing a mountain clutching at roots and bushes to keep from falling. When he reached the summit there stood before him a man dressed in long black robes. He heard a voice say, "This is the man who can relieve you."

The next morning he went to Winchester to seek the assistance of Alexander Belmaine, rector of the parish, as he wore "robes". He found that the Episcopalian clergyman did not come up to the description of the person he had seen in his dream, so he returned.

Someone told him that there was in Shepherdstown a Catholic priest, Father Dennis Cahill, whom they thought could relieve him. On Sunday morning he went to the church, and as the priest appeared in robes, Livingstone fell on his knees, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and cried aloud, "This is the very man I saw in my dream; he is the one the voice told me would relieve me of my troubles." He begged Father Cahill to help him. The old priest tried to lay the ghosts by sprinkling holy water in the house, but the mysterious clipping continued. He then celebrated mass in the house, and the ghosts have never since caused any trouble.

Livingstone was so grateful for what Father Cahill had done for him that he conveyed to trustees, for the benefit of the Catholic church, thirty-four acres of land. Recently the Catholics erected a chapel on Priest's Field, as the property has long been called. "Clip Creek flows softly by at the foot of the hill below the chapel. Here and there wild poppies have sprung up, perhaps as an assurance that evil spirits sleep, that ghosts no longer walk."

—Elsie Smith, '29.





THE WITCH'S OVERSIGHT

More than a hundred years ago, there lived on the Miller estate four miles northwest of Harpers Ferry, a slave named Jesse Shorts, who was known throughout the countryside as a disreputable scamp, and who was credited with nearly every mysterious occurrence in the neighborhood, if it were of an evil nature.

Near the Miller plantation lived John Engle, who either owned or hired a colored girl whom Jesse desired to visit, but Mr. Engle knowing of his bad reputation forbade him to come to his house. Though deeply offended, Jesse hid his real feelings toward Mr. Engle, and one day appeared with a message from his master. While he was waiting for an answer, Margaret, the little five-year-old daughter of Mr. Engle passed close to Jesse who apparently through a desire to ingratiate himself with her, patted her on the head, but as soon as he touched her, she screamed and showed the utmost horror of him. From that day the child's health began to fail; she lost her appetite and was unable to sleep. Within a month she was reduced to a mere skeleton, and her life was despaired of. Various remedies were employed to restore her to health but to no avail. At last when the little girl seemed in almost a dying condition, someone remembered that across the Potomac, in Maple Swamp, a place inhabited by half-breeds descended from the Indians, lived a certain Mrs. Mullin, whose fame for occult knowledge was wide-spread. To her as a last resort the parents of the child appealed. The benevolent old woman responded at once, and crossed the Potomac on her mission of charity. She took the child on her knee, without the least repugnance on the part of the little girl. What mystic words or rites she used, tradition does not say, but she took from her pocket a pair of scissors and with deliberation clipped the finger nails from the hand of the child—from all but one finger, and herein lies the wonder, for the little girl at once began to improve. She lived to an advanced age. She had use of her hands with the exception of one finger, the nail of which Mrs. Mullin failed to clip. That finger was always crooked. It was never straight after the day that Mrs. Mullin failed to treat it as she treated its fellows.

Adapted from "The Strange Story of Harpers Ferry," by Joseph Bayer.



THE ENCHANTER'S WHEEL

Starting from the railroad bridge at Harpers Ferry and running six miles northwest, with the railroad track to Duffield's Station, is a region that has ever been the home of wizards, witches and all kinds of adepts in occult lore, besides being a favorite resting place for gypsy caravans. The construction of the railroad many years ago was the first interruption to the dreams of the magic, and then the Civil War, with its very practical ideas and, above them all, perhaps, the subsequent introduction of free schools have completed the delivery of worthy inhabitants from the very galling yoke of many professors of the black art, African and Caucasian, who profited in money and reputation by the fears they excited and the fees they received for cures or immunity. In justice, it must be stated that the whites, mostly of German origin, were generally of a benevolent character and that the practice of their arts was always directed to counteract the malevolence of the negroes who seldom devoted their mystic knowledge to any good purpose, especially where any member of their own race was concerned. They always appeared to have an instinctive dread of the superior race and were shy of practicing on the white men, unless under very strong temptation. The gypsies alone keep alive the old order of things, appearing to have nobody to punish and everyone to reward with a rich wife or a gallant husband for the trifle of crossing the sibyl's palm with a piece of silver. Indeed, they are not charged with molesting the person or property of anyone. On the contrary, they are ever invoking the blessings of Venus, on the conditions above mentioned. Time has in no way changed their habits.

Two generations ago, great was the fame of the professors—white and black—but now it is difficult to get any one of either color, unless some octogenarian, to relate what used to occur in the olden times. Everyone appears to be afraid of the imputation of superstition. In this way many interesting and even poetic legends are likely to be lost.

Of the white seers the most renowned was the miller, John Peacher, a Pennsylvania Dutchman. He was a man of excellent reputation and the only people who had any complaint to make of him were the evil doers, especially the thieves. It was useless for a thief to steal anything from John Peacher, for it had to be returned, and in broad daylight, by the culprit himself. Peacher's friends, too, if they reported to him any loss were merely told to wait a little for the stolen article. So, neither Peacher nor his friends ever had occasion to complain to a law officer of any loss. In consequence, it was not an unusual sight to see seated on a fence near Peacher's mill, or the house of one of the miller's neighbors, a man, nearly always a negro, with a bundle of something tied up to suit the contents. There the visitor sat until late evening, if not asked to get off the fence and tell his business. Even then, it was with extreme difficulty that he



could get off his perch, and some were known to invoke the assistance of the proprietor to unfasten them. The man was sure to be a thief, and the bundle always contained the stolen article, which was laid at the feet of the lawful owner, the proprietor of the place, Peacher, or some one of his friends who had reported the robbery. On one occasion a wagoner on his way to Georgetown abstracted from a wagon that belonged to Peacher some part of the gearing, with which he proceeded to Georgetown, fifty-seven miles distant. The miller soon discovered the loss but, as usual, he "lay low" and waited for the certain issue. In a few days a man appeared early in the morning afoot, and carrying an apparently heavy load. When he reached Peacher's gate, he climbed one of the posts and rested his load on the fence nearby. There the culprit sat without a word until the benevolent Peacher thought that the penitent might be hungry and sufficiently humbled. He then invited the stranger to get off and come into the house to get something to eat, but the hapless thief was glued, as it were, to the seat and not till Peacher chose to break the spell could the crest-fallen victim get off his perch. He then confessed his guilt. He said that his conscience did not trouble him a bit till he reached Georgetown with his plunder, when some impulse forced him to leave his team in the city and walk back carrying the stolen articles, instead of waiting for his regular return trip to make restitution. After his meal he commenced his journey back, afoot, to the city for his team and in some time after rode past Peacher's place on his homeward trip, but did not stop. How Peacher worked his charms he never revealed, except that he said he had a wheel by the turning of which, as the case demanded, he effected his wonderful exploits at thief-catching. The wheel he never exhibited. For many years after his death there was a common phrase in the neighborhood, "I'll introduce you to Peacher's wheel," whenever anyone was suspected of knavish practices—especially a child or a superstitious person.

Adapted from "The Strange Story of Harpers Ferry," by Joseph Bayer.





THE MONEY TREE

Rain fell in torrents from a sullen sky. The night wind swept across the countryside lashing the trees along its path. One tree however stood unbending in the storm. It stood alone along a country road, its head towering high above the soil that gave it birth. Centuries it had stood thus, a gigantic landmark. King of trees it was—a lovely oak that stood apart in regal majesty.

“A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth’s sweet flowing breast.
A tree that looks to God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.
A tree that may in summer bear
A nest of robins in her hair
Upon whose bosom snow has lain
Who intimately lives with rain.”

The storm swept on in its course. Miles away it descended upon a little settlement nestled among the hills. Here the rain beat on the roof of a low building that stood close to the road. This was the headquarters of the Union forces at Harpers Ferry during the great Civil war.

Inside, a dim light shone. A tallow candle cast its glow upon the faces of the men gathered there. One man in the center of the group was preparing to go out into the storm. As he gave the last shrug of his shoulders under his smart blue cape one of the men, a commanding officer, handed him a box. It was the money with which the soldiers stationed at Martinsburg were to be paid off that night and the one to take it was the Union paymaster.

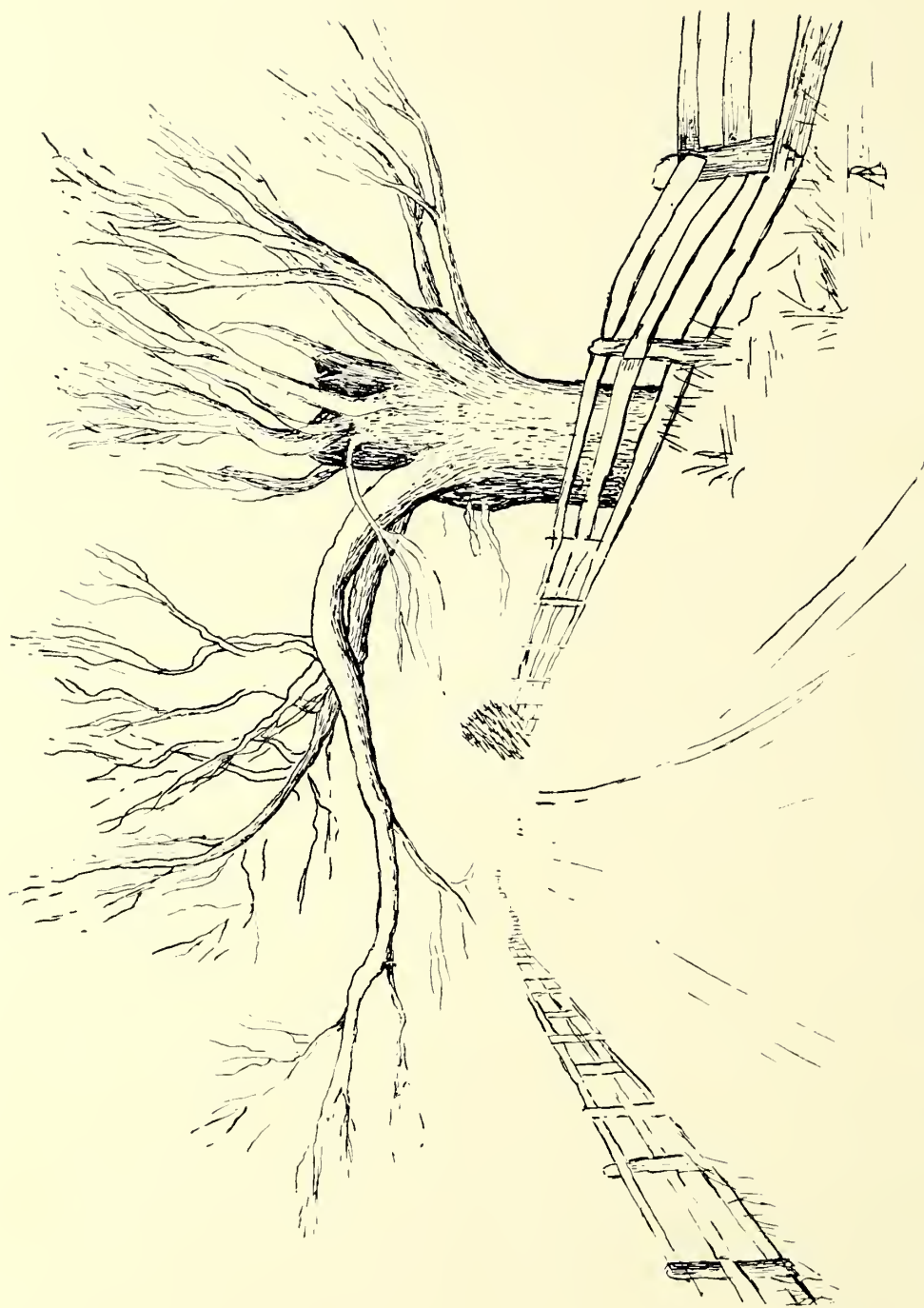
Holding the box securely under his arm the man walked to the door, where a horse stood ready for the trip. As he did so the rain ceased suddenly, but thunder crashed near at hand as if in ominous warning of what was to come. The frightened horse reared at the sound but the man in blue mounted, waved goodbye and was gone. In a few minutes all was quiet again, and the storm moved on into the distance.

Hours passed. Near dawn there was a great clattering of hoofs on the road. Another moment and a horse slid to a halt before the door of the officers’ quarters. A coatless figure dismounted and rushed into the building. Immediately there was a great uproar within. Surrounded by the same group of men the Union paymaster was excitedly telling of a Confederate ambushade into which he had fallen. They had taken the money and had left him for dead along the road. He exhibited his torn and muddy clothing as proof.

As the men looked at him they seemed to notice a lack of sincerity. There was in his face a defiance—in his eyes a betraying shiftiness. The men said nothing but a signal flashed among them as they looked at each other. The paymaster’s story did not ring true and was not believed. Suspicion was stamped on every countenance.

Morning came and with it an order for the paymaster to be court-martialed. A few days later the trial was held. In this the man made even less convincing efforts to substantiate his account of the robbery, but his story did not hold together, and he was sentenced to the federal prison for a term of years. Disgrace clouded his name and the incident was soon forgotten.

The crisis of the great war came and passed. Once more peace descended upon the conflict-torn nation. The soil once red with the blood



THE MONEY TREE



shed for a glorious Lost Cause was again yielding rich harvests, and Time, the Great Healer, had softened the memories of the disaster just past.

One day strange news spread through the valley. Mystery filled the atmosphere and charged with excitement a little group that stood close together under a large oak tree beside a lonely road.

One man was bending over the ground and looking at several small objects he held in his hand. It was money, small coins almost unrecognizable under their coating of age. On the ground beside a shallow hole were fragments of an old box. Money had been buried here!

Speculations ran riot. Where had it come from? To whom did it belong? The man who held the coins in his hand, after assuring himself that no more were there, straightened up and stared ruefully at the spot.

"Just to think," he said, "how many times I've sat there right over that money, eating my lunch, and never knew it was there!"

At this point another man drove up and was told of the discovery. As he listened an expression of amazement came to his face. Then he told the others of a stranger who had been seen late the night before at the station at Duffields (or Keedysville, Md. Tradition varies here). This man had hired a horse nearby and had departed, to return later with a box which he took with him on the next train!

Events began to shape themselves into a sequence. This man had buried the money and had returned late at night to retrieve the treasure. Then to one of the group came the memory of an incident of the war. The story of the Union paymaster who had been sentenced to prison for the loss of the money intended for the payment of the soldiers during their encampment nearby, flashed into his mind. This was that money!

The news spread like wildfire. Many persons came to view the place under the tree.

Great controversy arose! Was the money his? Some contended that since he had hidden it and had paid the price for it with his disgrace, it was his. They said his long term in prison had earned it for him. But the money was tainted; it had been stolen, and so of course it was not his. Yet he had it, sixty-five thousand dollars, and no one knew from whence he had come or where he had gone. Small wonder, then, that it created such a sensation around this community!

Gradually the excitement subsided and not until years later was it generally known that this Union paymaster was a major, who, after leaving the prison, had gone to Washington to live. His record must have followed him there because it is said that he was not in general favor there and could attain no social standing. He died just a number of years ago.

For years the great tree stood there, along the Charles Town road about one and one-half miles from Shepherdstown. It was not now the monarch it had once been, but just an old tree, which people always called "The Money Tree." One night a storm came, as on one memorable night before, and this time it tore part of the tree away. Age weakened it and at length decay set in. Little by little it went until there was nothing left but a shaft about ten feet high.

Then one day a man was burning brush in a field nearby. That night the fire crept up the base of the old "Money Tree"; it caught and the flames mounted until it was a veritable "pillar of fire and smoke" there in the darkness. The next morning "The Money Tree" was just a memory and as such it lives today.

—Violet Keller, '29.



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HOME RUN

(First Prize Story).

It was growing dark in the little cottage, and in the gathering shadows could be seen a girl, poised lightly on a small step-ladder, paintbrush in hand.

As Janet painstakingly added the finishing touches to the stenciled border around the dining room, she was thinking. The little home economics cottage was a recent addition to the college buildings, and it was to be a model in every way. The manual training classes were helping to equip it, the home economics classes were busy making draperies and table linens, and to the members of the art classes had been assigned the task of the interior decorating. The others of the class had left over an hour ago to attend a baseball "thuse," but Janet had stayed to finish the dining room border. She was not merely working for the few hours of credit which the course offered; she was preparing herself for a life work. She was talented—Miss Morris had said so—and Janet's fondest hope was that some day she would be doing interior decorating on a large scale.

Her day-dreaming came abruptly to an end, as one of her feet slipped off the step of the ladder. There was a moment of uncertainty during which the ladder swayed perilously and the girl reached out blindly for something to keep her from falling. When she regained her balance, she was still standing on the ladder, but to her dismay she saw a great smear of blue paint on the creamy surface of the freshly-painted wall.

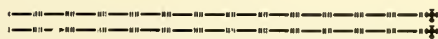
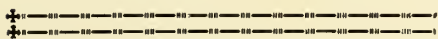
"There!" exclaimed Janet angrily to herself. "I would do something like that! Just when I had almost finished, too!" And with a sigh of disgust she threw the offending paintbrush toward the doorway with all her might, and sat down on the top step of the ladder, a picture of dejection.

There was the sound of a falling coal bucket in the kitchen, followed by a startled exclamation, and instantly Janet realized that her paintbrush must have found a mark. She held her breath and waited.

A young man appeared in the doorway, holding the paintbrush in one hand and a handkerchief in the other, with which he was attempting to remove a smudge of blue paint from his nose. His expression of anger changed to one of amused surprise as he came face to face with Janet. She had drawn herself to her full height as she stood on the ladder and was bravely trying to assume an air of dignified poise. Her curly brown hair was disheveled and her cretonne smock bore spots of the same blue paint with which the stranger's nose was decorated. She was first to break the awkward silence.

"I—er—I—dropped my paintbrush," she hastened to explain.

"Oh, I see," returned the young man, with an amused smile, as he had a vivid recollection of the brush coming hurtling toward him. "It's quite fortunate that I came along in time to pick it up for you."





Janet hastily thanked him and came down from her perch. "Is the baseball 'thuse' over?" she inquired, as she began cleaning her brushes.

"Yes, long ago," he replied. "Weren't you there?"

Janet shook her head. "No, I wanted to finish stenciling this border."

"I was there, but I had to leave early. You see, I'm literally being janitor of this cottage in order to earn a little spending money in my spare hours."

Janet looked at him in pleased surprise. Of all queer places to find a "working boy!" Of course none of the Colton College boys could be called "snobs," but they were all from wealthy families and certainly none of them were working their way through school. She put on her sweater and together they left the cottage. He seemed to have forgotten his janitorial duties.

"You've been here all year, I suppose, Miss Taylor," he said a moment later as they crossed the college campus.

"Why, yes—but how did you know my name?"

"That was easy," laughed the young man. "I just entered school this semester, but I hadn't been here two days before I heard that Janet Taylor was the prettiest girl in college, so I had no doubt that you were she."

Janet blushed. "That was a very pretty compliment, but I haven't such an infallible way of knowing your name."

"Shure, an' me name is Jerry—Jerry Dennison."

"Your Irish brogue is quite becoming," laughed Janet.

"Thank ye, miss," said Jerry, as they paused before the entrance to Gaynor Hall, where Janet stayed. Then he added mischievously, "To be shure, the blue spot on me nose is no evidence of me nationality, for I wear the green of old Erin."

Janet smiled to herself as she ran up to her room. She found her roommate, Patty Weir, dressing for dinner.

"Betty hurry," admonished Patty, as she powdered her nose. "What in the world made you so late this evening?"

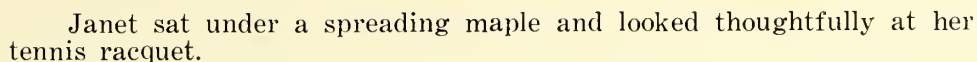
"Painting overtime," stated Janet non-committally.

A few weeks later Janet and Jerry were sitting on the green terraced slope overlooking the school tennis courts, resting after a hotly-contested game.

"With the exception of baseball, tennis is my favorite game," remarked Jerry.

"Yes," agreed Janet, "you *should* be interested in baseball. Everyone is predicting a brilliant season for Colton with you on the pitcher's mound."

"Oh, it takes more than a pitcher to make a team," said Jerry modestly, "and of course there are others trying out for the pitching position."



“What are you thinking of doing?” asked Jerry at last. “Going in for the national amateur tennis championship?”

Janet shook her head. "I was contemplating nothing of the kind. Besides," she added, "I'm going to be an interior decorator and paint blue borders around cream-colored dining rooms for the rest of my days."

When Janet returned to her room that evening, she found Patty busily “cramming” Latin. “You seem to have made quite a hit with the new pitcher,” observed Patty, and Janet with difficulty suppressed a laugh as she recalled “the hit” she had made several weeks ago in the little cottage.

“What was the score of your tennis game,” asked her roommate.

"I don't know," said Janet absent-mindedly.

"Well, who won?"

"I don't remember," admitted Janet.

“Humph! A love game, I suppose,” commented Patty, as she resumed her study of Latin verbs.

It was the day of Colton's biggest baseball game. Janet reflected with some pride that Jerry had pitched in every game of any importance and not a single defeat marred the school's record of that season. For that matter, neither had Colton's traditional rival, Forrest Academy, lost any games. Today the two undefeated teams would meet, and the Colton stadium was a mass of color for the occasion. On one side waved the gold and blue of the home school, and on the other could be seen the maroon and gray of Forrest Academy. The cheering sections were already busy.

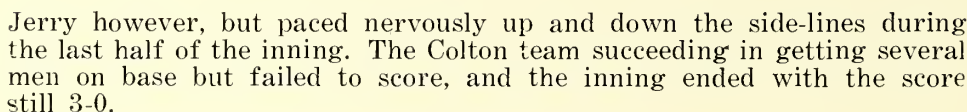
The visiting team of Forrest men was at bat first, and as Jerry started for his place in the pitcher's box, he heard "Jenks," the coach say tersely, "All right, Dennison. We want a no-hit game!" Jerry looked doubtful. "I'll try," he replied.

"Play ball!" shouted the umpire.

It was soon evident that the personnel of the teams was about evenly matched, and it was plainly a contest between the two pitchers.

At the beginning of the seventh inning, the score stood 3-0 in Colton's favor. Jerry had pitched a no-hit game, and the stadium was echoing with cheers of "Yea! Boom! Dennison!" Two Forrest men were struck out in short order, and two strikes were called on the third man. The crowd was suddenly shocked into attention as the batter struck the ball squarely and sent it flying out between second base and center field for a two-bagger. The player managed to steal third. Jerry was plainly rattled. He allowed the next man to get a hit, but a good catch by the left fielder brought the half-inning to a close.

Jerry was almost afraid to face “Jenks” for the coach’s fiery temper sometimes overbalanced his usually good judgment. He said nothing to



The Colton players were trotting out to their places in the field, when Jerry felt a touch on his shoulder. He looked around into the face of "Happy" Williams, whose worried expression certainly belied the nickname which his schoolmates had given him. "Jerry," he whispered, "Jenks tells me to take your place. I know as well as you do that I can't pitch this game. Our only hope is that Jenks may cool off in time to put you in again. I'm sorry."

"Oh, forget it!" said Jerry, with a half grin, as he tried hard to swallow his disappointment. "Get in there and pitch—for Colton."

The air was tense during that inning. The Colton cheering section shouted loyally for “Happy,” but he soon lost his control and before he could regain it several Forrest men had crossed the home plate. Janet’s heart sank as she saw the score-keeper mark up four runs for the visiting team. Colton again failed to score and the eighth inning ended 4-3 in Forrest’s favor.

Jerry dug his spiked shoe into the dust, as he fidgeted on the bench. "All right, Jerry, boy," he heard the coach say not unkindly. "We need you out there!" There was no time for words, so Jerry silently took his place. His appearance on the field brought a burst of wild applause from the Colton cheering section. The fans' confidence in him was rewarded for he did not allow a single hit in the half-inning that followed.

When Colton came to bat, the first man knocked a fly straight into the mitt of the left fielder. The second player was walked to first base, and the next man struck out. Then Jerry came to bat. Two strikes whizzed by him, and he swung viciously at the third—Crack! Up, up went the ball, and the center fielder was running back to catch it. Jerry was running madly past first base, past second, and as he rounded third Janet could see the determined set of his jaw. By this time the stands had gone wild with enthusiasm and excitement, for the other Colton man had already reached “home” and tied the score. The center fielder had slightly misjudged his distance. He leaned far back to catch the ball but he could not reach it. The laughter occasioned by his backward somersault was soon forgotten in the shouts of victory, as Jerry finished his home run, and made the final score 5-4 in favor of Colton.

As soon as Jerry could get away from his exultant and admiring team mates, he hurried to meet Janet, who was waiting for him in a corner of the practically deserted stadium.

“That was a great game, Jerry,” she said, her brown eyes still sparkling with excitement.

“Thank you,” he said, with a twinkle in his eye. “But let me tell you a deep secret. Jenks informs me that I’ve been awarded the Colton baseball scholarship that is offered annually.”



"Oh!" gasped Janet. "This should be the end of a perfect day for you!"

"Maybe it will be," said Jerry, "but you are the one to decide. Er—how'd you like to superintend the interior decorating of 'a sweet little cottage for two'?"

"Why, I—I'd love that," stammered Janet..

"I know you're wondering about my financial standing, but don't let it worry you. Dad has plenty of money. I was just trying to work my way through college for my own benefit. He was here to see the game today, and I've already settled this affair with him, so you can begin your plans for the decorating as soon as you wish. But please remember that in regard to my nose all rights are reserved—for that blue paint certainly was hard to get off," Jerry added as he kissed her.

"But what about your scholarship?" queried Janet.

"Oh, I'll continue my baseball career for a year or two."

"And then—"

"Then—I'll make a home run for the sweet little cottage and you."

—Evelyn Duke, '28.





THE NEW GIRL

(Second Prize Story)

Late one January afternoon when a Lincoln car drove into Delmere, well-known college town, an old man standing on the street corner who saw the car and its occupants was overheard to say, "Looks like some students coming in." The presumption was correct. Jean Miller was entering Ashley College. Her brother drove up to the Woman's Hall and after helping her in with her baggage, he bade her the last good-bye.

The matron led Jean to the east corner, first floor, and showed her the room where she was to live in the months to follow. "It is a private room," said the matron. "I hope you will like it. The other rooms are all occupied. Sometimes I have girls who prefer privacy, and I'm hoping you will find this satisfactory."

Jean proceeded to unpack and prepare for dinner. Being tired from the day's journey, she lay down awhile and was later aroused by the dinner bell. That night when she appeared in the dining hall a host of strange faces greeted her. "How am I going to like the girls?" she wondered to herself.

Most of the girls were friendly. Of course all were courteous. However, Jean found it harder to get acquainted than if she had entered school the first of the year. Then all were strangers and began on the same level to get acquainted. By this time most of the girls had found close friends and she felt more or less an outsider.

Sociable as the girls generally were, there was one who was never over-anxious to meet new people, Muriel. She had looked disinterestedly on Jean the first evening. "She isn't the type of girl I care for," she decided.

A few nights later a little circle of Muriel's associates were gathered in her room.

"I believe I'll like this new girl—what's her name? Jean Miller?" said Maggie.

"I think she is a good sport," said another.

"Oh girls, I can't stand that little smile she wears when she meets me," put in Muriel screwing up her face to emphasize her remark. "She wants to be nice to me and I don't like her well enough to reciprocate. I believe that's just why I can't stand her."

"I think she is inclined to be proud and boastful," said Elaine who was always known to uphold Muriel and sanction her every statement as though the fact that Muriel had made it was evidence that it was true. "For instance she always wants to be bragging about the school she came from. She said she wouldn't be here if she didn't want to study music."



As the matron was unable to prove that the necklace was Elaine's, the matter was dropped for the time. Nothing had been accomplished except to create an unpleasant situation.

One morning a week or two later, Muriel awoke with a severe case of grippe. She was almost too hoarse to talk and it was soon evident that she would have to miss classes. She regretted being absent and dreaded the long hours in her room alone, while all her friends were in school.

As she lay in bed, wakeful and wishing that she might have someone with her, a light tap was heard; and Jean stepped into the room.

"Good morning," she greeted Muriel cheerfully. "I missed you in History this morning, so I thought I'd drop in to see what had happened to you, are you sick?"

"Oh, only a cold," answered Muriel hoarsely. She looked a bit disappointed when she saw that her caller was Jean, but after all it was better to have her than no one else.

She sat down and after she had given a sprightly account of her morning experiences Muriel began to brighten. "I have a whole period I can spend with you but I see you can't talk much. Would you like for me to read to you?" said Jean.

"Why, sure, I wouldn't object, but I wouldn't expect all that."

"Oh that's all right. What shall I read?"

"History, I suppose."

So she read the lesson. When she was through Muriel exclaimed, "How can I thank you for giving your time to me like that? You have helped me so much."

The conversation drifted to past experiences. Jean told of her previous school life and the girls began really to get acquainted. When Jean told of the different activities she had taken part in, Muriel gleaned that she was talented and that she had been very popular among her former associates.

In a sense Muriel's eyes were opened. She saw what manner of girl she was talking to. She understood Jean and felt ashamed and sorry for the things she had said about her. From that day a warm friendship sprang up between the two.

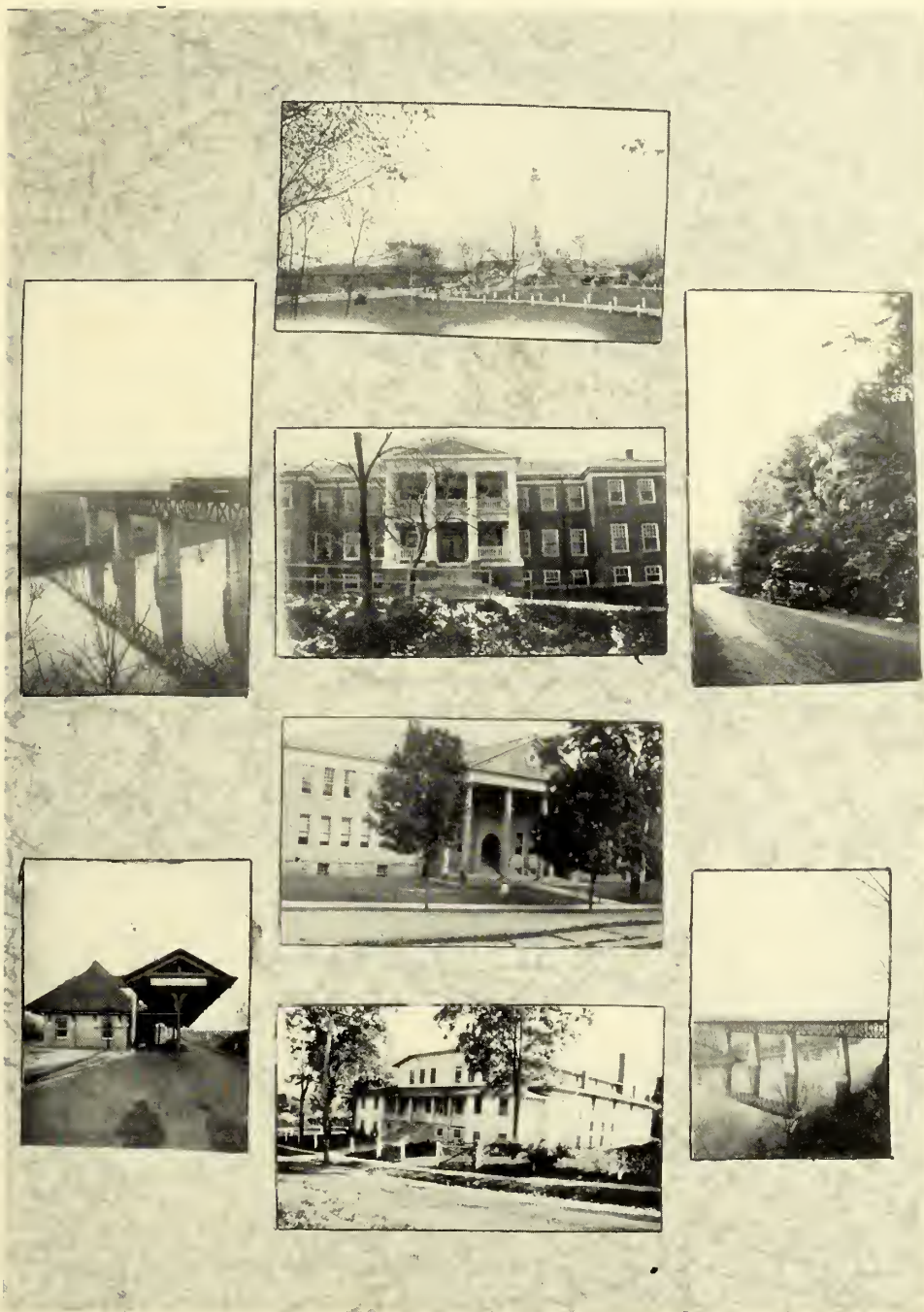
That selfsame day Elaine came rushing in to Muriel and excitedly exhibited the lost necklace. She had found it in a dresser drawer that she was cleaning out. All the time it was missing, it had not been stolen but misplaced.

"I'm so glad," said Muriel.

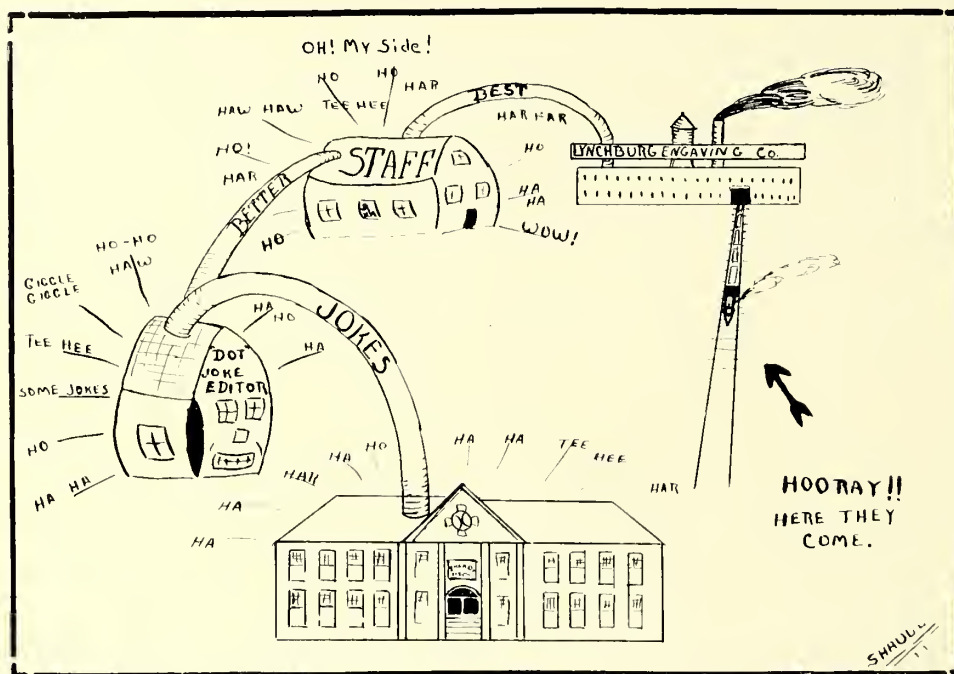
Muriel and Jean were seen together more and more. The girls often wondered what had wrought the change. Muriel was a true friend and fortunately Jean never knew that once she had suspected her of being a thief.

Once when someone remarked "I thought you didn't like Jean," Muriel only replied, "Well I just didn't know her."

—Lois Dunkle, '29.



“FONDLY IN OUR MEMORY RESTING”



JOKES

Roy Wilkins: "I'd like a pencil."

Mr. Owens: "Hard or soft?"

Roy Wilkins: "Soft. It's for writing a love letter."

* * *

James Andrews: "Every time I sing I get tears in my eyes. What must I do?"

Miss McCord: "Stuff cotton in your ears, so you can't hear yourself."

* * *

Dr. Reese (in Botany class): "Miss Estep, what disease infects trees in March?"

Miss Estep: "June bugs."

* * *

Mrs. Moore (in Physical Education class): "Now girls turn your backs to your opponents, so you can't hear what they are planning to play."

Miss Turner: "Why are you always late to class?"

MacDonald: "Because of a sign I pass on the way."

Miss Turner: "And what has that to do with it?"

MacDonald: "Why, it reads, 'School ahead. Go slow!' "



Father: "How is it you failed on every subject at school?"

Member Lower Ten: “I had absent-minded professors and they forgot to pass me.”



Mr. Kenamond (in Chemistry class): "I have heard that girls eat bread crusts to make their hair curl."

James Andrews: "Oh, I'm of the opinion that most of it comes in on an alternating current."



Dr. Reese (in Biology): "Tomorrow we will study fly molds."

Clara Schley (to students next to her): “Do flies really have moles.”



Warner: "Say, this is the first time that I have ever been in your room."

Gilly (cramming for test): “You haven’t been missed any.”



John: “Who is doing all of that snoring?”

Boyd: "It must be somebody who is asleep."



Mr. Lowery had been assigned the subject "Thunder" to talk on.

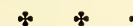
Mr. Kenamond: "Mr. Lowery will now speak. I know he is full of his subject."



(Chemistry class—nearly time for the bell to ring).

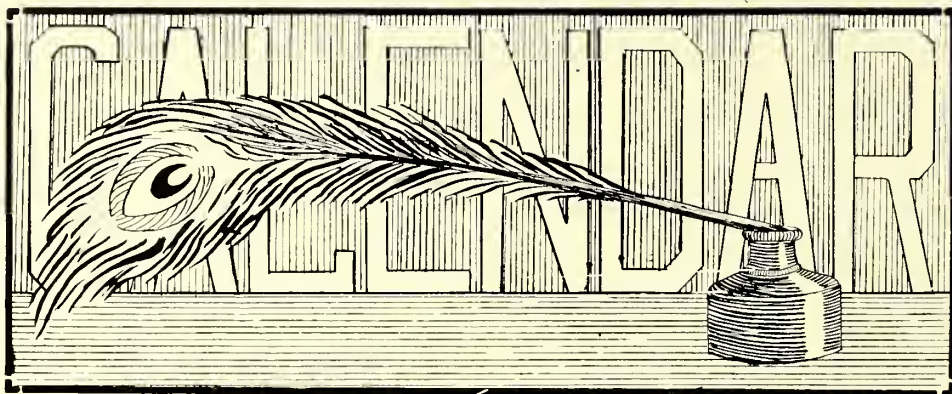
Mr. Kenamond: "You may discuss the Dispersion method."

William Shaull: "Just wait and we shall act it."



Co-ed: "I just returned from the beauty parlor."

Howard Hartman: “It must have been closed.”



- SEPTEMBER 13—Enrollment day! Miss Williams considerably richer—most of the students, considerably poorer!
- 14—Several feminine hearts flutter—"I wonder what his name is!"
- 15—Miss Arnold on the job in the library. Several Seniors feel young and gay.
- 16—Professor Alfred Snell entertains at chapel. Literary societies organize.
- 17—The old Potomac is still holding its own for boating and swimming. "Clate" shows the boys how to "jack-knife."
- 18—President White and family called to Morgantown on account of sudden death of Mrs. White's father.
- 19—The classes of the newest member of the Faculty are very popular.
- 20—Our New York student becomes homesick.
- 21—Miss McCord sings at assembly.
- 22—First meeting of the Y. W. C. A. The girls hope to do big things.
- 23—Class meetings and literary societies. Martinsburg Fair proves popular.
- 24—Dorm co-eds decide these days are too pretty to stay in.
- *25—Sunday is profitably spent in going to church and making up back work.
- 26—S. C. has a tea for Kiwanis convention. Football men are limbering up.
- 27—The hygiene classes enjoy "A Buggy Poem" by Miss Wever.



- 28—Dean Kenamond is conspicuous by his absence.
29—President White's family must be too large. A new car puts in its appearance.
30—Freshman rules cause a decided stir.



CTOBER 1—Game with Glenville ends 13-6, with S. C. on the wrong end of the score. The balky victrola threatens success of the Faculty reception but the refreshments save the day.

2—The old river road proves popular.

3—Rainy. "Dukie" gets soaked three times.

4—All the "would-be prima-donnas" gather at

McMurran Hall to organize a glee club.

5—Nothing unusual except ice-cream at Miller Hall.

6—The College Orchestra tunes up.

7—Junior class elects officers. S. C. team swamps the Martinsburg Hose Co. No. 5.

8—Boat ride engagements cancelled because of rain.

9—Pious ones go to Sunday School. Lazy ones sleep.

10—Story tellers feast on cake and bananas.

11—"Gilly" and Joe give vocal duet in the library. They are forced to finish it in the hall.

12—Superintendent Burns of Martinsburg celebrates "Dukie's" birthday by speaking in assembly.

13—The first number of the Lyceum course, the "Wright-Fuson Company, is well received.

14—Every one goes to Halethorpe except "The Knights of the Round Table."

15—What kind of ears does the "Iron Horse" have?

16—Rumseyites advertise for "Dish-washers." Who will the applicants be?

17—"Dot" spends the day in Hagerstown, shopping at a risk of two percent cut in art. "Pride must suffer!"

18—Optimistic Surveyors enjoy day in spite of rain and "blackness."

19—Wilkins acclaimed "silver-tongued orator" of Shepherd. Dahmer and Jones are close contestants.

20—Several countenances wrecked in preparation for Potomac State game.



- 21—Adventurous Surveyors explore Timber Ridge District. Return home with “busted” radiators and bad colds due to fording streams and wading in sawdust.
- 22—Shepherd bows to Potomac State 7-0.
- 23—Everybody busy recovering voices after the game.
- 24—Football men’s attention is divided between the hockey team and the “pigskin.”
- 25—Class work temporarily suspended because of the absence of six members of the Faculty and their chauffeur, James.
- 26—Girls taking tests for a “Perfect 36.”
- 27—Quite a commotion. Lois Dunkle suffers a lapse of memory and does not go to class.
- 28—Several Rumsey Hall men are forced to have dates to escape the bombardment from Harvey Oates’ bean-shooter.
- 29—Shepherd trims Shenandoah College 25-0.
- 30—Unusually calm before Hallowe’en.
- 31—The ghostly visitor in “A Message from Mars” furnishes ideas for Hallowe’en pranks. A similar spectre evidently visits Miller Hall and leaves destruction in his wake.



- NOVEMBER 1—“Possum” shows off his oratorical ability in journalism class.
- 2—Vengeance in the dormitory for Hallowe’en pranks.
 - 3—Just the same old kind of day. Oh, for some excitement!
 - 4—And now they are coming in pairs!
 - 5—Shepherd defeated on the slushy Philippi field.
 - 6—Football team recovers from the effects of strenuous game in time for Sunday dates.
 - 7—Story tellers keep in practice.
 - 8—Seniors finally come forward with the long-planned party which is pronounced a decided success.
 - 9—Cohongoroota staff is selected.
 - 10—Coach Newcome asks Miss Wever to call off hockey practice, his reason being that it attracted too much of the men’s attention.
 - 11—Shepherd College honors World War heroes in a program by the public speaking department. Shepherd downs Blue Ridge.



- 12—Prominent actors of Shepherd College take part in "The Flapper Grandmother" given at the Fireman's Hall.
- 13—Week-enders begin to be missed.
- 14—Cramming frantically for mid-semester tests.
- 15—Tests!
- 16—More tests!
- 17—Many students have night-mares due to ice cream or test-grades (?).
- 18—Suspense is over. Grades come in.
- 19—Home-coming day. Thrilling football game results in defeat for Bridgewater. Glee club concert is followed by reception for old grads.
- 20—The morning after the night before.
- 21—Story tellers partake of hard cider.
- 22—Girls' basketball teams organize.
- 23—Students and Faculty begin to whet appetites for turkey and cranberries.
- 24-27—Home for Thanksgiving.
- 28—Hon. J. S. Lakin pays Shepherd a visit and makes everyone forget that it is Blue Monday.
- 29—Keen competition between Junior and Senior basketball teams.
- 30—Not a thing happens.



DECEMBER 1—"Buddy's" socks make a noise in the library.

2—Basketball holds center of stage. Junior girls beat Seniors. S. C. defeats town team.

3—Several hunting trips staged. Poor little bunnies.

4—First snow of the season. Due to injuries en route to Sunday School several Miller Hall girls eat off the mantle.

5—"Apple" and Joe Hough get their faces washed in the snow.

6—President White leaves for Elkins. Social at Knutti Hall to grade survey papers.

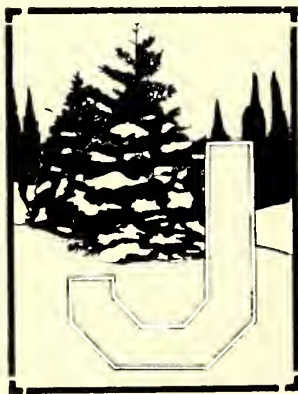
7—Local opera house very popular. "Brother" Lou White leaves school.

8—Dr. W. H. Reese becomes a grandfather. Juniors victorious over Harper's Ferry six.

9—Cooper appointed "Keeper of the Snake" in Zoology class. Dr. H. E. Cunningham speaks at Assembly.



- 10—Tom Rankine gets enough to eat once more.
 - 11—Church bells ring—heard at the Annex, “Do we have to go to church.”
 - 12—Everyone looks as pretty as possible—pictures are taken for Cohongoroota.
 - 13—Third number of the Lyceum course—Ralph Parlette gives his famous lecture, “The University of Hard Knocks.”
 - 14—James Andrews and Virginia Heflebower are taken for “Newly-weds” at Hiedwohl’s studio.
 - 15—Miss Wever absent from her classes. She has a lot of shopping to do before Christmas.
 - 16—The athletic trio—Harry Stansbury, Ira E. Rogers, and F. Roy Yoke of West Virginia University visit Shepherd and speak at assembly.
 - 17—Everyone busy sending Christmas cards.
 - 18—Grace Walker receives two telephone calls from Dan. One is made by “Gilly” but she doesn’t know it.
 - 19—Willie Musser strains his back carrying Christmas packages to Miller Hall.
 - 20—The Glee Club gives chapel program. The Christmas dinner at Miller Hall is followed by a dance at the gymnasium given by Mr. and Mrs. Osbourne.
 - 21—Miller Hall and Annex girls leave their beds at five-thirty to sing Christmas carols. School is dismissed for the holidays.
- Merry Christmas to everybody.



ANUARY 3—Back to school again with New Year’s resolutions. White’s car “does not choose to run,” and leaves “Dot” and Jo shivering by the roadside in the “wee sma’ hours,” while Mrs. White goes for help.

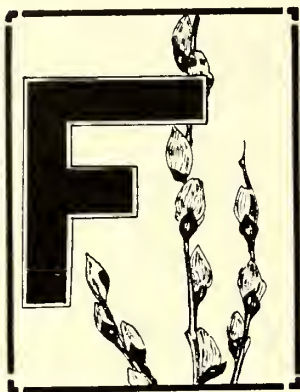
4—We learn today that “Gilly” did not make any New Year’s Resolutions. He has a brand

new set from last year which have never been used.

- 5—Hen lays an egg in Zoology class.
- 6—Football and hockey letters awarded at assembly. Quiet victory tonight over the Maryland Mutes.
- 7—Joe Hough back, minus his tonsils.
- 8—“All is quiet along the Potomac”—“Lovers’ Leap” included. Even romance is affected by cold weather.



- 9—Dr. Frederick Snyder lectures on “Keeping Ahead of the Headlines.”
- 10—Rumsey Hall dwellers form a “Mustache Club” and it is rumored that at least two dozens mustache cups will have to be added to the dining room equipment.
- 11—Basketball co-eds get new uniforms.
- 12—Most of the New Year’s resolutions hopelessly broken by now.
- 13—Friday the 13th proves unlucky for Mrs. Moore’s sextette. Hagers-town girls obviously not “hoodooed.”
- 14—Victory over Martinsburg Y. M. C. A.
- 15—Everyone glad to see a pretty Sunday.
- 16—Story Telling Club holds open house and entertains with Japanese program and refreshments. Every girl has one or more dates—“stuffed.”
- 17—Dr. H. C. Minnick visits Shepherd, observes classes and speaks in assembly.
- 18—Shepherd’s second team shuts Martinsburg Hose Company out with a 30-28 score.
- 19—Our defeat by Salem is witnessed by all Shepherd co-eds in hair ribbons and socks. They remind us of “Way Back When.”
- 20—Y. W. C. A. plays “go over big”—at 7:30—“The Bungalow Bride” and an hour later, “Not a Man in the House”—Poor Hubby!
- 21—“Possum” and Ann make up after their weekly quarrel.
- 22—Nothing going except the town clock.
- 23—Students cram poetry as English literature examination approaches.
- 24—Exams. are upon us.
- 25—“Intellectuals” go to the movies; ordinary mortals *cram*.
- 26—Even the “Intellectuals” *cram*.
- 27—Exams are over at noon. Several students almost have nervous prostration. Men lose Blue Ridge game on their own floor.
- 28—“Clate,” “Bud,” “Dot L,” and Jo venture to Martinsburg in the snow.
- 29—Snow yesterday—slush today—tomorrow what?
- 30—Final semester grades are not especially encouraging to those en-rolling for new semester. Basketball boys leave on seven day trip. The first game won from Frostburg.
- 31—Shepherd sextette defeats Alumni team. Eva Mae’s wash basin at-tempts mysterious flight from upper story of Miller Hall.



- EBRUARY 1—At assembly students vote on names for buildings.
- 2—Shepherd bows to Winchester G. A. A. Mrs. Moore proves a second Sherlock Holmes.
- 3—George Cooper and Nell Teter enjoy minstrel show.
- 4—Basketball men win three games on the trip—lose two.
- 5—Men home from trip with their remaining belongings. The two “Dots” are happy again.
- 6—The “Clean Girls Club” meets at the gymnasium. “Lib” DeHaven is forced under the showers.
- 7—The “Scarlet Hurricane” victorious over the Old Gold and Blue.
- 8—Big day at S. C. Students claim holiday—hold D. and E. funeral—invade stores and local opera house—hold up “pop” trucks and stage a dance at the gymnasium. Mrs. Moore and the basketball team leave on three-day trip.
- 9—The new Ford comes to town. Mr. Rice is popular with the fairer sex of S. C. S. S. I. loses to Shepherd.
- 10—Due to illness Dr. Reese does not meet his classes. Men receive valentines from Harrisonburg.
- 11—Co-eds home from trip. Men’s team beats Frostburg Normal.
- 12—Just the same kind of Sunday.
- 13—The Spanish Orchestra spends “A Night in Spain.” Juniors decorate gymnasium after the entertainment.
- 14—Junior prom is pronounced the big dance of the year.
- 15—S. C. girls victorious over Boyce High School.
- 16—Dr. Reese speaks at Harpers Ferry High School assembly.
- 17—“Juicy” Lemen thinks Feb. 17 is St. Patrick’s Day and wears his green “socks.” The Heflebower girls give a party. S. C. basketball co eds lose again to Winchester.
- 18—Two victories for Shepherd. The debating team wins unanimously at Shippensburg Normal—Men’s basketball team wins over Bridgewater College.
- 19—Randall Cover goes to league.
- 20—“Becky” Harper and Ruth Trumbo entertain intimate friends with Five Hundred and ice cream.
- 21—Bob MacDonald attends all his classes.
- 22—Public speaking classes give a Washington’s birthday program at assembly. Y. W. C. A. gives a dance for the benefit of the Athletic Association. No classes in the afternoon.



- 23—Mr. White leaves for Boston. Girls' basketball team loses to Hagerstown.
- 24—Shepherd men yield to Gallaudet on their floor.
- 25—Shepherd doubles the score on Blue Ridge.
- 26—Everybody studies.
- 27—Mr. Wilkins received a mysterious telephone call.
- 28—Debating team wins a victory over Salem at home and Potomac State at Keyser. Mrs. White entertains debaters.
- 29—Misses Carwell and Grandle feature at assembly. Thomas Lemen, Shepherd's champion harmonicist, makes his first public appearance. We learn he aspires to succeed the famous Professor Snell.



ARCH 1—Miss Turner starts the month off with her plea for the Cohongoroota dollar.

- 2—Ciceronians elect officers. Shepherd defeats Gallaudet and finish the season up right. Girls lose to Bridgewater. Students dance after the games in the gymnasium.
- 3—Men have a practice game with Hose Co. No. 5 of Martinsburg.
- 4—Those who don't study go walking.
- 5—Cohongoroota staff is very busy.
- 6—Several Seniors—not to mention Juniors, are asked to leave the library.
- 7—President White reports on his Boston trip. Local opera popular. Buster Keaton shows us how to act in "college."
- 8—Miss Turner still wants that dollar.
- 9—Roy Wilkins wins second place for Shepherd in the inter-collegiate contests.
- 10—Students warned to "Beware of the Ides of March."
- 11—The Annex girls spend a quiet Sunday until "Muggs," "Azzy" and Ruth "blow in" from Brunswick.
- 12—Coach Newcome takes advantage of warm weather and warms up baseball men on Fairfax Field.
- 13—Laura Fisher is elected captain of basketball team for 1929—Randall Cover is elected captain of men's basketball team and Tom Rankine of football team.
- 14—Dr. W. E. Bohn and Roy Wilkins speak at assembly.



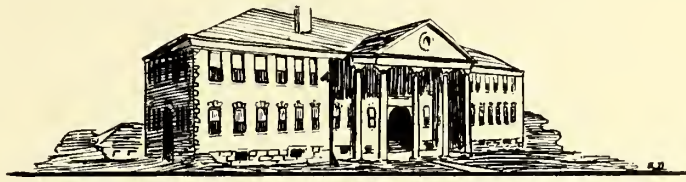
- 15—Skinny Boswell is taken ill while in class.
- 16—"Steppy" and Eva Mae are getting in shape. We wonder which one will be Tunney's rival.
- 17—"Gilly" and "How" pay their respects to "Cal."
- 18—Two new students appear in the yard at Miller Hall about two o'clock. We do not think they will stay after the first warm day.
- 19—Tickets for the Junior play, "Icebound," are on sale. Buy early and avoid the rush.
- 20—The little yellow dog, which is claimed by both Miss Turner and Mrs. Gardiner, disturbs students in the library.
- 21—A large crowd of college students go to see "The Big Parade."
- 22—The "Victory Six" puts in its appearance. "Muggs" is forced to buy a new set of false teeth.
- 23—Ciceronians and Parthenians elect contestants for inter-society contest. "Juicy" Lemen attends another party.
- 24—The Junior class play, "Icebound," gets a warm hand.
- 25—Junior actors breakfast in bed.
- 26—Miss McCord's private pupils give a recital. Patty White and Nila Ash are stars of the evening.
- 27—Mrs. White gives a theatre party for the "Icebound" cast.
- 28—"Orin" Glascock has "kind of a cold in his head."
- 29—Fred Sites gets a call from the Easter bunny.
- 30—Miss Hall's clothing classes give a "Costume Pageant of the Ages." The only "hitch" in the program occurs when the 1850 man "hitches" up his trousers.
- 31—The March wind plays many pranks.



PRIL 1—No April Fools—Everybody too pious. "Olivet to Calvary" an Easter Cantata, is given in the Auditorium.

- 2—"Ice-bound" cast hard on practice again.
- 3—The Junior class play is taken to Harpers Ferry. Mary Elizabeth Carwell is so excited over the success of the play that she sits on her ukulele. Results? ! ? !

- 4—The Fashion Show of the clothing classes is given at assembly period for the student body. Junior-Senior track meet at three o'clock. Juniors win. "Gilly" also runs. Debate with McMurray College, and Parthenian dance.



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SHEPHERDSTOWN RESTAURANT

C. E. SHAW, Proprietor

- 5—School dismissed at noon for Easter Vacation. “Good-bye—See you Tuesday.”
- 10—Everybody back with new clothes and a cheery smile. It appears that the Youngstown contingent spent most of the vacation en route.
- 11—Shepherd College is to take part in the Apple Blossom Festival. All the girls want to be “Waves.” Mary O. gets caught in the crowd at Musser movies when the reel ignites.
- 12—“The Cohongoroota” at last goes to press!

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Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Mary O.—"Oh dear, I just can't
adjust my curriculum."

"Skinny"—"That's all right—it
doesn't show anyway."

* * *

"Possum's" Motto

Early to bed and early to rise
Keeps your roommate from wearing
your ties.

* * *

Lowery—"Excuse me just a min-
ute fellows; I'm going down to the
tailor's and get a patch put on my
elbow, so I can laugh up my sleeve."

* * *

Derr's interpretation of the three
saddest words—"Rewrite this com-
position."

* * *

Virginia Heflebower—"I hate to
be called Miss."

James Andrews—"So do I."

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Residence Phone 18R

Ice Plant Phone 55R

Mrs. S.—“I go cold all over, when I think of my fortieth birthday.”
Her friend—“Did something dreadful happen then, dear?”

✦ ✦ ✦

Nancy—“Bill and I are engaged to be married.”
Lou—“You don't mean it!”
Nancy—“No, but he thinks I do.”

✦ ✦ ✦

She—(at the county fair)—“Look at the people. Aren't they numerous?”

He—“Yes, and ain't there a lot of them?”

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MARTINSBURG, W. VA.

Mr. Newcome—“What is the hardest thing to learn about farming?”
Student from Scramble—“Getting up at five o'clock.”

✱ ✱ ✱

Dr. Reese—“What is a bee?”
“Gilly”—“I’ve heard bees called different things. It wouldn’t be nice
to tell this class what Dewey Ramage called one when it stung him.”

✱ ✱ ✱

Miss Turner (to student who comes to class fifteen minutes late, after several cuts) “Good afternoon. I am glad that you dropped in.”

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Rankine—"Two-lips."

* * *

Mary Carwell (playing piano, to
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number)?"

Charlotte Estep—"Sure, she
rooms with Edith Sine."

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But when our love grew stronger,
We knew its joys and bliss.
We knocked out all the spaces,
And we sat up close like this.

* * *

Miss Turner—"What are the
three most commonly used words?"

Dewey—"I don't know."

Miss Turner—"Correct."

* * *

Violet Keller—"That girl is grace
personified."

Jo—"What did you say her last
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✦ ✦ ✦

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Laura—"Nothin'."

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Marguerite—"Helping Laura."

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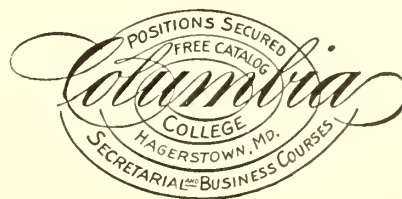
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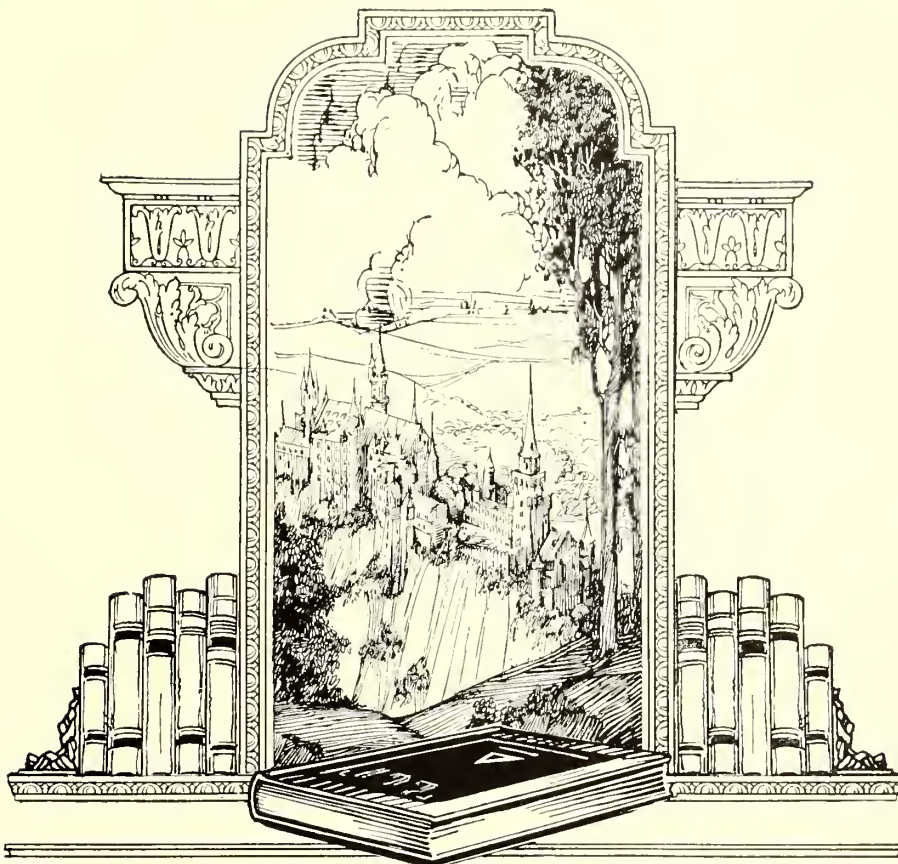
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